Film
QUARTERLY

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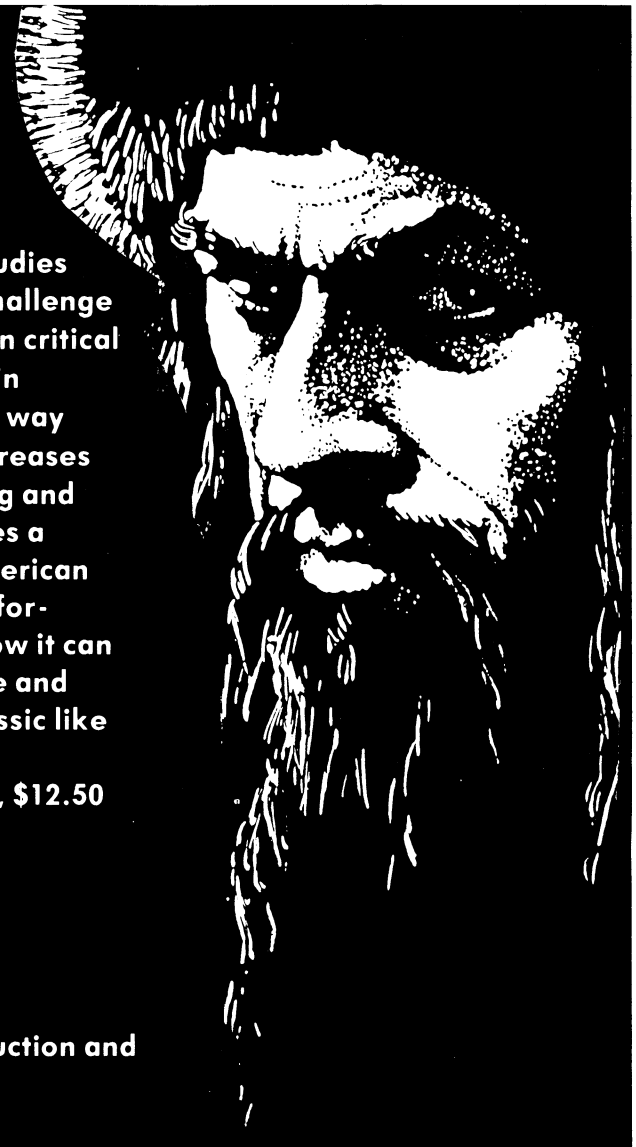

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Harvard Film Studies: A Review BRIAN HENDERSON 22

Harvard and its press have entered the field of film criticism.

REVIEW

Confidence KAREN JAEHNE 18

In the film that preceded *Mephisto*, Szabó examined how the bizarre political situations during World War II made trust more impossible than love.

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COVER: Ildikó Bánsáqi and Péter Andorai in István Szabó's Confidence (see p. 18).

Editor's Notebook

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BEVERLE HOUSTON

Power and Dis-Integration in the Films of Orson Welles

No movie is made by a complete adult. First of all, I don't know any complete adults.

—ORSON WELLES

I, señor, am not one *of anything, but, like you señor, I am unique.*

—The second (dying) art forger, to Picasso, in F FOR FAKE

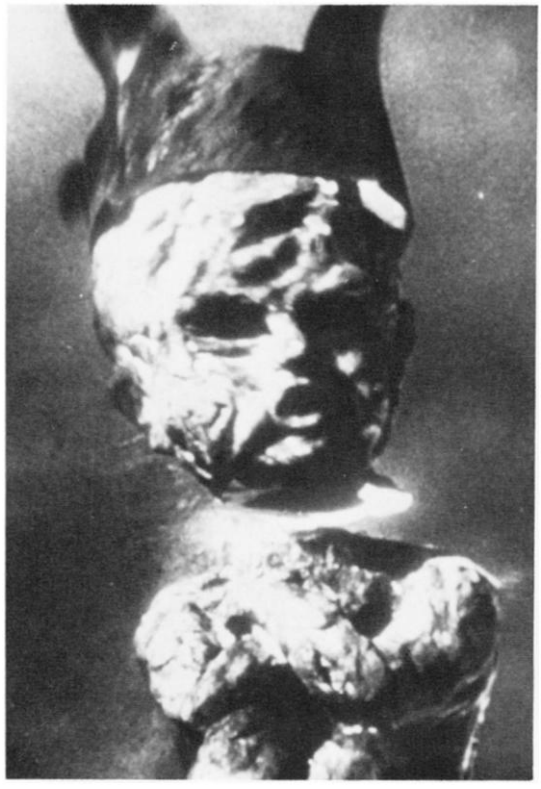
In a scene of snowfall before a small house, Charles Foster Kane is cast out of his family by his newly rich mother. As generations of moviewatchers are well aware, it is to this snow scene that he returns upon his death as the text itself returns to the "No Trespassing" sign. In *Magnificent Ambersons,* on the other hand, family and friends spend years trying unsuccessfully to dislodge Georgie Minafer from the family mansion and the bosom of his mother. When the infant is finally forced out, he breaks both his legs. In the same film, Lucy Morgan is forced by Georgie's refusal to enter the world of men and money to return to her father and a lifetime of celibacy. Mary Longstreet in *The Stranger* is forced into a similar return.

Both *Citizen Kane* and *Magnificent Ambersons* reveal a central male figure who is extremely powerful in certain ways, who can charm, force or frighten others into doing what he wants. But the desire for control is haunted by everything that evades it. The opening of *Citizen Kane,* with its decayed golf course and terraces, its moss-covered gothic magnificence, reveals to us two aspects of this pattern: both the overreaching ambition and its failure—a grand life, now in ruins. Even at the height of their powers, these men are revealed to be helpless in certain realms of life, unable finally to live out their desires. Focusing on *Citizen Kane, Magnificent Ambersons,* and *The Stranger* as family-centered narratives set in the United States, with substantial reference to *Touch of Evil, Immortal Story,* and *Chimes at Midnight* for close parallels of theme and/or narrative strategies, and with passing glances at a number of other Welles films, this essay will examine the ways in which the boundless fear, anger, and desire of these figures power both narrative and image in these films.

In my own years of obsession with the Welles films,[1] I have come to call this central figure of desire and contradiction the Power Baby, the eating, sucking, foetus-like creature who, as the lawyer at the center of *The Trial,* can be found baby-faced, lying swaddled in his bed and tended by his nurse; who in *Touch of Evil* sucks candy and cigars in a face smoothed into featurelessness by fat as he redefines murder and justice according to desire; who in his bland and arrogant innocence brings everybody down in *Lady from Shanghai;* who, in the framed face of Picasso, slyly signals his power as visual magician and seducer and who is himself tricked in *F for Fake;* but who must die for the sake of the social order in *Chimes at Midnight* and who dies again for his last effort of power and control in *Immortal Story;* and who, to my great delight, is figured forth explicitly in *Macbeth* where, in a Wellesian addition to Shakespeare, the weird sisters at the beginning of the film reach into the cauldron, scoop out a handful of their primordial woman's muck, shape it into a baby, and crown it with the pointy golden crown of fairy tales.

Who are these infant kings who return to early scenes, whose narratives are deflected, and whose situations are finally reversed? What do they have, and what lack? How are they both more and less than they wish to be, sometimes never reaching, but more often losing their once-great powers in the world of men and money? And what is the pattern of possibilities for their women, who are so often denied or forced into returns, whose fates are so extreme, yet so limited?

The mother of Charles Foster Kane becomes rich and powerful in a moment of transformation. She uses this power to reject Charles



Power Babies in MACBETH *and* TOUCH OF EVIL.

utterly. He is ripped untimely from a scene where he could reach whatever combination of love, fear, acceptance, and rejection that might come from the child's living out the drama of sex and power with his parents. The untimeliness of this change is suggested perfectly by the exaggeration of size relations in the Christmas shot where Charles, with his unwanted new sled, gazes up defiantly at a huge Thatcher, the money monster, on that most familial of holidays, the one based on the birth of a perfect son into a perfect family.

In the name of what does Charles's mother commit this horribly wrenching act, for which she is so eager that she has had her son's trunk packed for a week? It is true that the father moves as if to strike Charles when he pushes Thatcher. And it is true that he says: "What that kid needs is a good thrashing," moving Mrs. Kane to reply: "That's what you think, is it Jim . . . that's why he's going to be brought up where you can't get at him." Apparently Mrs. Kane thinks he is "the wrong father" for little Charles. Yet we have little evidence that the father has ever harmed or frightened the child. As the four talk outside the cabin, Charles moves eagerly toward his father's arms; the mother must stop him by calling his name sharply. Thus it is one of the film's most powerful and puzzling images when, at the moment of her insistence, Mrs. Kane slowly turns her head to the side as the camera dwells on her enigmatic look. Is it one of confidence for having freed her son from a struggle he couldn't win? Or one of cruel pleasure in having triumphed over father and son for their very maleness? Is she the terrible mother of myth and nightmare? Joseph McBride suggests: "It is simply that the accident which made the Kanes suddenly rich has its own fateful logic—Charles must 'get ahead.' What gives the brief leave-taking scene its mystery and poignancy is precisely this feeling of pre-determination."[2] It must be emphasized, however, that the logic is not that of fate but of money and social class. Insisting that "this isn't the place for you to grow up in," the newly empowered mother pursues her son's "advantages" by removing him from an impoverished rural environment. She turns her son over to an agency—the bank—that she believes will protect and promote him better than the family. Yet we cannot fully escape the hint of a revenge and must accept the overdetermination of this genuinely ambiguous moment.

"This frozen moment" in CITIZEN KANE.

The role of the father needs to be understood in a different way as well. It is not his cruelty that is most significant. The fact that Fred Graves, the defaulting boarder who knew both Mr. and Mrs. Kane, left the fortune exclusively to Mrs. Kane, somehow brings Charlie's paternity into question. Did Graves leave it all to Mrs. Kane because he found the father wanting in some way—weak and whining, dependent on his wife, perhaps? Or is it Graves himself, in his unpredictable act of generosity, who is the right ("real") father? Even though we are made sympathetic with Mr. Kane—"I don't hold with signing my boy away. . . . Anyone'd think I hadn't been a good husband. . . ." (Why doesn't he say, "Good *father*?")—still other negative qualities are revealed. He first tries to get little Charles to believe that his forced migration from country/family to city/bank is going to be a wonderful adventure: "That's the train with all the lights. . . . You're going to see Chicago and New York. . . ." But when Charles refuses to be fooled, the father threatens to thrash him. Thus even this "wrong father" has two faces: he who promises deceitfully, who promises pleasure where there is abandonment, and he who later threatens violence. For the boy, the father becomes the promise of worldly experience and the threat of danger, both exaggerated. Longing to cling to the beloved but mysteriously rejecting mother, unable to trust the weak and deceitful father, the boy Charles reacts with rage as his life is captured in this frozen moment.

And what of Georgie Minafer, who got out, not too early, but too late? Within the basic reversal, there are a number of similarities, particularly concerning the father. In this film, money also brings about the constitution of the "wrong" family. The agency of business is this time substituted, not for the family as a whole, but for the emotional participation of the father through Isabel Amberson's choice of husband. She marries Wilbur Minafer, a "steady young businessman," instead of Eugene Morgan, "a man who any woman would like a thousand times better." Though the local women opine that Isabel's "pretty sensible for such a showy girl," they prophesy correctly the return of the passions denied by Isabel's choice: "They'll have the worst spoiled lot of children this town will ever see. It'll all go to

"This nest of complete dependence and desire": THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS

her children and she'll ruin them." An only child receiving the full adoration of a mother who married for dollars and sense, so puny he nearly dies as an infant, young Georgie also has a father who is virtually absent. Later, when the father dies, the voice-over narrator tells us: "Wilbur Minafer. A quiet man. The town will hardly know he's gone." And Georgie hardly knew he was there. But this time the young man with the wrong father, with *no* father to love and hate on a regular basis, has not been sent away by the mother. Instead, we find that Georgie lives fully in a mutual state of uncontested love with the mother, secure inside a warm, dark house and a rich and fabled family. No reason to get a job or a profession. No reason ever to leave this nest of complete dependence and desire.

The theme of the wrong or displaced father is explicit in *Immortal Story* as well, where the primacy of money (over friendship rather than passion this time) once caused old Mr. Clay to drive away his partner, the father of Virginie. When he brings her back to her father's house (which Clay now occupies) to play out her role in his fable of seduction, he functions as a cruel "wrong father" over whom she is able to triumph. Throughout the Welles canon, fathers and mothers are doubled and tripled, offering, through displacement, the multiplications and contradictions of identity and representation. *Falstaff (Chimes at Midnight)* offers one of the richest and most fluid exercises in doubling and multiplicity of father/identity. Very early in the film we are presented with Falstaff as an old man who is at the same time an innocent, the one who has been shaped by the "son" he is supposed to have corrupted. As he tells us: "Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing." Later on, Falstaff puts a pot on his head and plays the role of Hal's other father, the king, chastising the boy for his bad friends and wastrel's life. Then they change roles and Hal plays his own father, the king. All the way through the film, Hal's knowledge of his impending power as future king has run concurrent with his boyish playfulness and has made all his jokes and insults to Falstaff painfully cruel, as they now are in this exchange of roles. This cruelty is, of course, prophetic of his final assumption of a fixed identity as king, which entails the rejection of Falstaff after Hal has become his own father in earnest.

The main trajectory of the plot of *Citizen Kane, Magnificent Ambersons,* and *The*

Stranger turns in on itself in the pattern of a return. The child/man, unable to continue his movement toward social participation and "maturity," falls back into a childhood situation, and the woman in *The Stranger* is forced into a similar return. In *Citizen Kane,* Charlie instantly defies his substitute father and the more or less innocent energy of this rebellion carries him well into young manhood. He travels, starts to run a newspaper, behaves like an aggressive young man in the world. This phase reaches a kind of peak in his "Declaration of Principles," where he lays down the law of the sons against the corrupt fathers of the money agencies (as Thatcher had earlier laid down the law of the "Trust" to his mother), his rebellious liberalism creating a link between the youthful and the poor. But he is not content to let the words and actions of the newspaper speak for themselves. He insists on foregrounding the enunciation, as it were, revealing himself as "author" of the newspaper, unmediated by an editorial persona. This authorial gesture is merely one of the ways that young Charles reveals his huge ambition. This boy, thrown out of many elegant schools, sees himself as becoming "champion of the people." His actions reveal the exaggerated picture he has of himself and his powers, which will later be revealed in the huge poster of himself at the rally, as he sets out to win everybody's love.

Love on a personal level reveals both his overarching aspirations *and* his limitations. The announcement of his engagement is read in a room full of statuary he has been sending to the office—"the loot of the world"—gifts given to no one, and never enough to fill the huge empty spaces that he and the others in his life will occupy as they grow older. In his bride to be, he has acquired another high element of culture—the president's niece. But like Isabel Amberson's, Charlie's attention is only briefly engaged by his new mate. McBride suggests that Charles has a need for affection that Emily "could not gratify," but I suggest that it is Kane who will not "gratify," turning from relations within his family to activities in which he need function only as a source of verbal or financial power, where he is never called upon to act as husband/lover/personal father. (In *Immortal Story,* Mr. Clay tells us that he has always avoided all personal relations and human emotions, which can "dissolve your bones.")

One night, his uncharged marriage a boring failure, his vaunting political ambitions uncertain, Charles decides to make a return to the place where his mother's goods, and his own truncated development, lie in storage. But instead, he is splashed by mud and because of this accident, the return is delayed. He comments to Susan on this deflection: "I was on my way to the Western Manhattan Warehouse —in search of my childhood."

Georgie Minafer's dream-like intimacy with his mother (as signalled by the long, slow takes and dark depth of field) is suddenly threatened by a second father (the "right father?") Eugene Morgan, who has made a return of his own. Morgan has come back to the town of his romantic defeat to try again with the soon-to-be-widowed Isabel, bringing with him a daughter (the mother is never mentioned) and a number of transformations that will be devastating for Georgie, who clings to his fixed identity as an Amberson. Trying to resist Eugene in the world of men, Georgie is ineffectual because of such misconceptions. He overestimates the power of his family identity to guarantee his superiority (or, indeed, his survival). He is wrong when he tries to ridicule Gene's invention of the automobile, and wrong again when he tries to enlist his father against the usurper by absurdly accusing him of wanting to borrow money. But he is not wrong with his mother. Oh, no. With Isabel, practically all he has to say is: "You're my mother," and she agrees to call it off with Eugene, despite his plea not to allow their romance to be ruined by "the history of your own perfect motherhood."

As in *Citizen Kane,* it is a sudden and unexpected change of fortune—this time a loss—that finally breaks up the family. Georgie is faced with an entirely new situation. He is alone and must support himself. His mother has died of a nameless wasting disease, having been devoured by Georgie's ravening orality. (All these Power Babies eat and eat.)[3] Furthermore, his Aunt Fanny, who has been a kind of shadowy mother double, loving instead of being loved, seeking instead of evading, who has lived only to yearn after Eugene and to feed Georgie, is now completely dependent upon him. As he goes out in the world, one prospective employer notes that he has become "the most practical young man," but only very, very briefly. Praying at his mother's empty bed, the new Georgie begs forgiveness from the

Father of Fathers, but no fathers hear, for in the next cut, Georgie has an accident. An automobile knocks him down and breaks both his legs.

Let us recall here that Kane's son was killed in an automobile accident (which also claimed his wife) and that maiming of the legs is common in the Welles canon. Recall the extreme limp and double canes of Arthur Bannister in *Lady from Shanghai,* the greatly reduced mobility of Mr. Clay in *Immortal Story,* and perhaps most complex, the bullet in the leg that Quinlan took for his friend Pete Menzies in *Touch of Evil.* And if the leg wound can be taken as suggesting deflected or impeded sexuality, then we must note the role of Quinlan's cane in bringing about his downfall.

Georgie has always known where the danger lay. The first night he meets Eugene and Lucy, he denigrates the automobile and wishes her father would "forget about it." Later he scorns it as useless and, prophetically in more ways than one, says it should never have been invented. Georgie's insistent and perverse dismissal of this most powerful agent of transformation is, of course, thoughtless and superficial at the rational level; he appears foolish and self-defeating, moving his Uncle Jack to remark on how strange it is to woo a woman by insulting her father. But Georgie is reacting to the car as symbol of Gene's phallic power to take away the mother love on which Georgie sustains himself so voraciously and on which, as an untried emotional infant, he believes his life depends. While others enter into mature speculation about how the automobile will change the world—Eugene himself is most confident that it will: "There are no times but new times," he says—Georgie is terrified for his life. In his identity as a new man of the future, Eugene has benefitted from an exchange of power with the Ambersons; their great fortune is gone, their living space (the home, the woman's place) is taken away, while Eugene's fortunes rise, his factories and power transformers consuming the Amberson space and returning it as a city. To move from rural safety to urban danger, Georgie Minafer need only leave the house. In his own life and in the society at large, Georgie's world of women has given way to a world of men. This shift in economy threatens him at the deepest level. Georgie has begun to fear that he will soon take his "last walk," as the narrator puts it. In the reversal implied by his *seeking* a "dangerous job," Georgie signals us that his fear is becoming unbearably acute.

As the automobile accident fulfills Georgie's prophetic panic, he is returned to the state of complete dependency that marked his place in the family of origin. But this time, it is a strangely smiling Eugene Morgan upon whom he must depend. Worse than Georgie's worst fears, this outcome brings, not the death that might even be wished for, but a bitter substitute for the ecstatic plenitude of mother love. For Eugene, his rival/double, it constitutes a triumph.

As the new money and usurping father brought terror and helplessness to Georgie Minafer, they bring rage and isolation to Charles Foster Kane. Once a dirty accident has deflected him from his return and brought him together with Susan, their relationship takes a strange turn. Kane almost seems to act out the role of her mother. Susan's youth is established—"Pretty old. I'll be twenty-two in August."—and we learn that her mother had operatic aspirations for her small, untrue voice. Immediately after this revelation, we see several of the film's few conventional, romantic close-ups as Susan declares sweetly: "You know what mothers are like," and Kane answers dreamily: "Yes, I know." The mention of the mother is linked with the sign values of shallow depth, key and back lighting, and slightly soft focus, signalling Romance even more strongly than the early scene with Emily, and suggesting that Susan has tapped into Kane's deepest desires —perhaps a fantasy of a mother staying with a child, watching over it and nurturing it, causing it to grow and flourish. Susan's reaction to this impossible program is another matter, to be spoken of later.

The meeting with Boss Jim Gettys, the other key encounter of Kane's life, turns upon the role of yet another father in the family and in culture. As his mother and Mr. Thatcher seemed to be in cahoots long ago against the little boy whose weak and unreliable father did nothing to help him, now another Mrs. Kane and another usurping father move to dislodge him once again from a place where he is perhaps living out *all* the roles of his frozen moment, but according to a new script of his archaic desires.

With inadequate experience of father and family to mediate between his infant rage and the world of signification, Kane has imagined his rival Gettys as a monster and put that monstrous image into the public realm—newspaper pictures of Gettys "in a convict suit with stripes—so his children could see. . . . Or his mother."[4] Now Gettys must wipe out the representational power of these images. To do so, he must discredit Kane completely. Thus Gettys as powerful and successful father and son punishes Kane, not for his transgression with Susan, which stands in for the move against the father and which might have stayed a childish secret forever, but for his unbridled excess in attacking Gettys so viciously in the newspaper. Even so, Gettys is formidable but not cruel, urging Kane to do his duty and avoid family disaster by withdrawing from the race. Finally, when Kane can do nothing but scream his child-like defiance, Gettys's words are those of the elder instructing the younger: "You need more than one lesson, and you're gonna get more than one lesson." Like Georgie's, Kane's comeuppance has swept over him suddenly in a wild moment.

The image of Kane screaming down his impotent rage from the top of the steps suggests an attempt to reverse the size relations of the Christmas shot with Thatcher, and evokes similar images in a number of Welles's other films, most notably where his Macbeth, having destroyed a number of families, including that of the Kingdom itself, finally stands alone on the high wall, seeming to find a perverse ecstasy in his impotent defiance of Macduff, the outraged father (himself "untimely ripped") who has come to bring him down. In *The Stranger,* Charles Rankin, exposed as the Nazi Franz Kindler, screams down his defiance of Mr. Wilson, the Nazi-hunter/father figure, from the top of a clock tower.

Kane's destruction of the bedroom after Susan leaves is perhaps the most famous scene of rage in American film. Kane had tried to insert himself into the culture as a "celebrity" through public office—a space somewhere between that of a commodity and a well known friend or family member. To the child of banks, being elected is perhaps like being loved. But his excess of anger cost him that public affirmation. Now the saving fantasy with Susan has failed, bringing on the wild rage. As he picks up the glass ball, Kane completes the return begun on that night when he started for the warehouse. We have already seen Kane in the newsreel with useless legs, swaddled in white like an old baby. The narrative will now offer no more events involving Kane before death causes him to release his frozen scene of trauma. After he passes through the hall of mirrors, the camera holds on the empty reflector; his identity is erased by its repetition. As Beaudry says: "An infinite mirror would no longer be a mirror."[5] With his smooth head, pouting lips, and single tear, Kane is almost foetus-like, back in a primordial isolation before language, before family, before self.

Charlie Kane's impotent defiance of Boss Jim Gettys.

As Susan walks away from Kane (and from her doll, seen in the extreme foreground as they quarrel, and seen again next to Kane's sled among the final images—he longed for his; she didn't long for hers) she also walks away from the return forced upon her by Kane. As indicated by her attempt at suicide, she doesn't wish to continue as the child, living out her mother's fantasy or Charles's desire. Perhaps punished by her "alcoholism" for her aggressiveness in leaving Kane, certainly childishly imprudent in having spent all the money, Susan's real return has been to her position within another social class. But she is surviving, capable of working, playing, and feeling deep sympathy. Lucy Morgan in *Magnificent Am-*

bersons is also forced into a return, but a far more regressive one, and certainly of a different style. Georgie wouldn't enter the world of men and money, and Lucy certainly couldn't join him in the closed world of mother love. Therefore, as she tells him, "Because we couldn't play together like good children, we shouldn't play at all." In an idyllic out-of-doors scene, paralleling the one in which Morgan tried to convince Isabel to marry him, Lucy describes her situation to her father in the story of Ven Do Nah. This Indian was hated by all his tribe, so they drove him away. But they couldn't find a replacement they liked better. "They couldn't help it." So Lucy declares her intention to stay in the garden with her father for the rest of her life: "I don't want anything but you."

In several of Welles's films, a daughter, having made the wrong sexual choice, must return to the father. Perhaps the success of the fathers represents a displacement of the Power Baby's desired return, a metonymy in which the intensely longed-for power is muted as it moves into the quiet certainty and control of imagined patriarchal authority (yet another move in the representation of the diffuse subject). The most extreme version of the daughter's situation is developed in *The Stranger.* Mary Longstreet has chosen as her sexual partner, not a dependent infant, not a half-baked crook like the daughter (of a white slaver) in *Mr. Arkadin,* but the worst possible enemy of everyone in the whole world—a NAZI! And how could this perfectly nice girl make this bizarre choice, which even her brother can't believe: "Gee, Mr. Wilson, you must be wrong. Mary wouldn't fall in love with that kind of a man." But Nazi-hunting father doubles like Mr. Wilson are not wrong. "That's the way it is," he later says, because "people can't help who they fall in love with." For "people," of course, read "women." (Remember Lucy and Ven Do Nah?)

This odd choice (and the presence of a Nazi in this New England town in the first place) can perhaps be understood by recognizing Kindler as representing difference, not only because he is a German, but in another way, because he is so closely associated with Mary. She is isolated in her connection with him. Only she has chosen him; only she supports him. In a strange way, he represents her insofar as she is one who makes a sexual choice.

Control of the woman: THE STRANGER.

He is Mary's difference. For fathers, and for small town America, this difference must be contained. In this deeply conservative film, Kindler's/Mary's difference must bring about his own downfall and her return. But his difference will also be recuperated. His exotic European hobby of fixing clocks will reinvigorate rural American tradition and law, as represented by the old town clock with its scenes of justice and revenge.

Wilson neatly describes the trajectory of the film: "Mary must be shown what kind of man she married, even though she'll resist hearing anything bad about Charles." And despite this resistance, they are sure that her "subconscious" is their "ally," that deep inside her she has a strong "will to truth." This resource of unconscious health will, of course, lead her to relinquish her own willful difference and allow herself to be returned to her father. Thus family (again with no mother) and town will return to their original situation. A triumph of personal and social stasis.

Touch of Evil offers a more ambiguous answer to the question: can the continued presence of woman-as-difference be tolerated? One of the strangest features of this film is the often comical forced separation of Suzie and Vargas which results from the pervasive contradiction between power and impotence, the search for and denial of sexual difference in Quinlan's character. Quinlan's regression to murder and other acts of vengeance was apparently triggered by the transgression of his young wife (with a sailor, as in *Immortal Story* and *Lady from Shanghai*). He now seeks to rewrite his own history by preventing Vargas (the double of his younger, potent self) from taking the risks of coupling. Having become a candy eater whose memory of sexuality draws him into Tanya's place, Quinlan now tries to hold on to his conservative power, which

effaces sexual difference in his second partnership—with Pete Menzies—in his racism, and in his excessive acts of fixing the fate of all transgressors (they are all "guilty as hell"). We must remember that the entire action of the film was triggered by the murder of a father by his daughter's Mexican lover—from the point of view of the father, so to speak, surely a wrong choice and indication of the dangers of difference. Thus Suzie, the often absurd woman-as-sexual-difference is drugged, and possibly raped (though even this sexuality is denied; she is lifted off the bed at the peak of the orgy scene, thus substantially altering the logistics of rape) and almost killed for expressing desire in the way she looks and acts. Throughout the film, she is pressured by both her husband and Quinlan's people to give up the promise of sexuality and return across the border to the US, to "safety," to the known, the predictable, the place of before-her-sexuality—the place, ostensibly, of her father. Mexico itself, like Vargas the Mexican, represents the exercise of difference, which is constantly exploding and making trouble. In the end, it is only partially controlled. When Suzie is finally reunited with Vargas in the car, his first moves toward her are not sexual, but like those of a child who needs to lean on his mother's breast. Yet the fact of the reconciliation itself implies that the conservative force of return has been resisted to some extent. Difference has been allowed some play.

In *The Stranger,* the control of the woman is far more complete. The dangers of active female sexuality and choice-making take on the resonance of a national and cultural disaster. Mary's father is a New England Supreme Court Justice named Adam, and her brother is named Noah. To defy them is to endanger all that's best in American culture and in the Bible as well. To prevent this, to bring the daughter back into the fold, the two fathers, Justice Longstreet and Detective Wilson, are willing to take extreme risks—with Mary's life, that is. They decide that Kindler's attempt to kill her will be the best "evidence" to convince her of whom she has really married, so they decide to use her as bait. Wilson: "Naturally, we'll try to prevent murder being done. . . . He may kill her. You're shocked at my coldbloodedness. That's quite natural. You're the father. . . ." Thus the fathers are split so that one can be conventionally horrified at the lengths to which the other is willing to go to bring her back into line. Then, since no other proof against Kindler exists, the gathering of evidence becomes a matter of watching Mary. Wilson: "From now on, we must know every move that Mrs. Rankin makes." Fathers, brother and servant combine to watch and control her, but even so, she eludes them, rushing off through the graveyard to kill or be killed on the clock tower. In the end, at the top of the tower, the Nazi gets his comeuppance, brought about by the fathers, but executed by a female avenging angel just as deadly as the daughter in *Touch of Evil.* Kindler is impaled on the sword of the clockwork angel, screaming in pain during this dreadful parody of an embrace. Kindler deserves it, of course, at the rational plot level. But the point is that in these films, the aroused woman, the sign of difference as danger, evoking the threat of lack (inadequacy?), is not often so genteel as Lucy in *Magnificent Ambersons.* It is usually a struggle to force her into passivity and return, and often a lethal one.

The conservativism revealed in some of these narratives is often contradicted in the films' means of expression, which is also marked by a kind of excess. It is, of course, well known that in the Welles films, the conventions of classical cinema are either abandoned or exaggerated to fascinating extremes. The discreetly moving or subjective camera, the illusion of three-dimensionality through depth of field, become the bizarre angles, sweeping crane shots, and dwarfing depth and scale that mark several of these texts. Even expressionistic features are taken further as light and shadow become patches of saturated darkness and blinding brightness. *Citizen Kane* particularly is marked by the excitement of what Julia Kristeva calls "an excess of visual traces useless for the sheer identification of objects."[6] In the projection room sequence, where light is used, not to illuminate, but as having sign value in itself, and in other sequences like the travelling shot up the facade and through the sign of Susan's night club, and the shot up to the stagehand "critics" at the Opera House, these visual excesses and special effects convey a pleasure taken at the point of enunciation, an exuberance in the aggressive wielding of the language of film. Like Charles with his "Declaration of Principles," this enunciation declares itself boldly.

Later on, as Kane receives his "more than one lesson," the power of youth to transform aggressiveness into exuberance seems diminished and the tone changes. In relation to the negative narrative changes that they mark in scenes like the party with the dancing girls or Susan's suicide attempt, the wide angle lens and extreme camera positions now seem to invite reading as signals of distress, an enunciative energy somehow grown perverse. Sometimes, as in the eerie, empty space of Jed Leland's hospital, visual work and characterization would suggest that seeing has now become the mutual recognition of grotesquery. The long, slow-moving, sinuous takes in *Magnificent Ambersons,* particularly in the party sequence, suggest, not freedom of choice in processing a simulacrum of reality,[7] but enunciative awareness of the hopelessly desirable dream of seamless flow and oneness in the world of the mother. This movement is prefigured in the flowing overhead shots of Kane's fragmented plenitude at the end of *Kane,* and would have been even more pronounced in its seemingly endless withholding of expected cuts in the party sequence had the film been released as Welles intended, with reel-length shots during this portion of the film.

The excess of these images also raises the question of "evidence," which is central to a number of Welles films and which becomes dominant in all the foregrounded systems of *F for Fake.* In the projection room sequence of *Kane,* for instance, light is the elusive stuff of which delusive biography is made, no more reliable than the various embedded tales of unfulfilled desire (Leland's, Susan's, Bernstein's—remember the girl in white on the ferry boat?) that make up the film's narrative. Excessive light and shadow actually deny access to images as representations, and raise the question of how they can be used as evidence, and evidence of what, setting the act of seeing over against the structuring absence of knowledge or explanation. In *The Stranger,* though Wilson offers Mary filmed images of the concentration camps as evidence of her husband's evil, he does not let them stand on their own. Instead, he places himself in the image or projects the images onto himself, making his body and the field of his features into the evidence, as if asserting: "Even if the images are functional representations, trust and believe *me.* I who speak am the greater authority." *The Stranger* is one of Welles's more visually and narratively conventional films. As its "realism" is less distressed, so the power of the law is not undermined. Wilson's authority as enunciator of diegetic truth is allowed to remain, at the partial cost of Welles's authority and presence as the film's enunciator. We observe a similar substitution of bodies (Hastler's and K's) for the "pin-screen" images of the "Law" fable where Hastler is trying to convince K of its immutability in *The Trial.* As Mary's body was to be watched for the invocation of evidence in *The Stranger,* so Virginie's sexual act will become the "final evidence" of Clay's guilt in *The Immortal Story.* And Pete Menzies's wiretapped body becomes the site of aural evidence in *Touch of Evil,* the reliability of so-called "concrete" evidence having been disposed of in the planting of the dynamite and in the history of Quinlan's entire career of manipulating "evidence." The authority of the enunciation, the aggressiveness of the intention, is substituted for the trustworthiness of the evidence itself (perhaps suggestive of the particular way in which Welles has loved to use make-up as clearly enunciated, nonrealistic masking throughout his career, combining the contradictory qualities of an identity always recognized and a disguise insisted upon with equal clarity).

The figure of the Power Baby condenses certain irreconcilable contradictions and diffusions that we have been examining in plot, character, and visual development. These can be represented through various discourses about the subversion of the unified subject. The Power Baby's constitution in doubleness is exaggerated by the failure of the family experience to mitigate the father-related excess and rage on the one hand, and the mother-related helpless dependency on the other. The family's failure, in turn, is often seen as produced, not only by the woman's ability to confound the issue of paternity in a number of different ways, but also by the changing patterns of money and urbanization at different points in American history, by the ideologies that say banks are better than families for promoting children, that move Isabel to choose Wilbur Minafer, that conflate law and vengeance in border towns.

As we learn from the voice-over narrator at the beginning of *Magnificent Ambersons,*

this ideology uses fashion, money, and media to create the only possible categories of identity into which the sexed subject must be forced. It also conflates female sexuality and lethal threats by posing difference as danger or disruption that is sometimes fully contained, sometimes a little too powerful for conservative strategies, and sometimes ironically (*Immortal Story*) or fully (*F for Fake*) triumphant.

In each Power Baby, we have found an imagined social self with aspirations to greatness and total love that can only be dreams, founded in misrecognitions of both self and the social world. These mistakes are perfectly expressed in *Immortal Story* where the clerk, Levinsky, tells us that Mr. Clay wants "to demonstrate his omnipotence—to do the thing which cannot be done." And within the "I" together with this overreaching social self, one and the same and yet another, is a wildly flailing infant (we see him destroy Susan's room) fixed in incomprehension, terror, and rage, who returns to undo all social work and to reduce the organism to blank helplessness: the Wellesian "I" as the extremes of power and powerlessness.

THE IMMORTAL STORY

The various stories of the Power Baby can also be seen as the refusal of the subject to be constituted in continuous narrative. Both Charles and Georgie are presented through versions of the *Bildung* structure that typically would move the subject from childhood through young manhood to "maturity." This form carries the conventional assumption of the infant born in powerlessness, a tabula rasa who gains experience and knowledge that become integrated into the increasing wisdom and power of the mature self. Thus in the insistence on the return to earlier scenes and conditions, these narratives deny this trajectory, using the *Bildung* narrative no less ironically than that of the retrospective biography.

For himself, his family, and his women, the Power Baby refuses the myth of personal harmony. Sometimes struggling for conservation and stasis, sometimes, as in *F for Fake,* flaunting multiplicity and difference, Welles the enunciator asserts the primacy of the individual without the comfort of the unified self.

NOTES

1. At least ten years ago, Stanley Crouch, then of Pomona College, now of the *Village Voice,* called me up in the middle of the night to discuss some Welles films we had recently seen. Then, as now, the urgency of a 3 a.m. phone call on this subject seemed perfectly reasonable, and our conversation began to move my thoughts in their present direction.

2. *Orson Welles* (New York: Viking Press, 1972), p. 43.

3. Freud sees this characteristic as signalling an infantile fixation in the " 'cannibalistic' or 'oral' phase, during which the original attachment of sexuality to the nutritional instincts still dominates the scene." "From the History of an Infantile Neurosis (The Wolf Man)," *Three Case Histories* (New York: Macmillan, Collier Books, 1963), p. 299.

4. In his analysis of "The Wolf Man," Freud notes that "a father is the prototype . . . of the caricatures that are drawn to bring derision upon someone." *Three Case Histories,* p. 256.

5. Jean-Louis Beaudry, "Ideological Effects of the Basic Cinematographic Apparatus," *Film Quarterly* (Winter 1974-75), p. 45.

6. "Ellipsis on Dread and the Specular Seduction," *Wide Angle,* Vol. 3, no. 3 (1979), pp. 42-47.

7. For a discussion of Welles's films in terms of realism, however, see André Bazin, *Orson Welles* (New York: Harper and Row, 1978). For further discussion of all aspects of Welles's work and biography, see: Joseph McBride (see footnote 2); Ronald Gottesman, ed., *Focus on Orson Welles* (New Jersey: Prentice Hall, Inc. 1976); James Naremore, *The Magic World of Orson Welles* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1978); Charles Higham, *The Films of Orson Welles* (Berkeley: Univ. of Calif. Press, 1970); Pauline Kael, *The CITIZEN KANE Book* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1971); Peter Cowie, *A Ribbon of Dreams: The Cinema of Orson Welles* (New York: A.S. Barnes, 1973); Peter Bogdanovich, *The Cinema of Orson Welles* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1961); Robert Carringer, "Rosebud Dead or Alive: Narrative and Symbolic Structure in *Citizen Kane,*" *PMLA,* March 1976.

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JOHN W. HUGHES

Mephisto: István Szabó and "the Gestapo of Suspicion"

Since 1961, István Szabó has made sixteen films. Like many others, I became aware of him only after seeing *Confidence* at the New York Film Festival. While meeting Szabó his lucid sensibility reminded me more of poets like Seferis or Neruda than of any director I had ever met; I was not surprised when he said that his major inspiration was "the works of Hungarian poets you have probably never heard about . . ." I hope some day to hear about these poets; but I was satisfied by sensing their presence at a second viewing of *Confidence,* where what Szabó calls the "Gestapo of suspicion" haunts the sexual union of a sympathetic yet Stalinist partisan and a frightened yet sensually alive woman on the run from the Nazis in Budapest. The liaison is fragmented at film's end: like a true poet, Szabó leaves the eternal strife between the poetry of Eros and the sneering Gestapo of Thanatos floating horribly on the surface of our watching minds.

The film-poet draws an even clearer bead on the Gestapo of suspicion in *Mephisto.* Szabó's Faust is an actor, a narcissist Everyman, a sexual adventurer, a post-Brechtian artist, and even a philanthropist. The filmic strategy is related to that of Schlöndorff's treatment of *The Tin Drum.* But *The Tin Drum* is a masterpiece as a novel, while Klaus Mann's *Mephisto* is a strangely defective *roman à clef.* Nevertheless, there is a similar grappling with titans: Schlöndorff with Günter Grass and Szabó with Goethe. Klaus Mann

should merely be seen as a kind of go-between, a second-rate signpost pointing in the direction of *Faust.* When Szabó's ex-leftist, Goering-loving actor-machiavel performs in a massive, Nazi-produced *Faust*—one of the most brilliant dramatic film sequences since Orson Welles, the Olivier of *Richard III* and Kurosawa—we can feel the heat of what George Steiner has shown to be an unholy fusion between Kultur and barbarism in the idealizing Reich of *Blut und Boden.* As even the most unadventurous scholar of *Faust* will admit, Goethe's scholar-Faust seduced by the Devil is an uncanny prophecy of the Eichmann Generation. Goethe, of course, seems unreachable to many of us: after all, the symbolic complexity of *Faust* is almost too "Germanic." But Szabó has found an objective correlative for this sound and fury: the Nazi spotlights that stun his actor-hero in the truly great scene at the end of *Mephisto.* Perhaps this searing light is related to the blinding of Faust at the end of Goethe's play (as well as the shattering scream of Oskar in *The Tin Drum*). These terrifying spotlights represent the psychotic violence hidden within the seductive surfaces of both Mephistopheles and (as Szabó reveals in this interview) Adolf Hitler. Szabó's hero is heroic in the sense that he looks at and understands this destructive and thrilling entity that he has encouraged to seduce him, and that has brought him the dream of theatrical fame. This mythopoeic hero, blinded (at least temporarily) like Oedipus, has glimpsed the psychotic fury behind the utopian delusion of Blood and Earth united with an all-seeing, omnipotent Leader.

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How did you first become interested in filming the Klaus Mann novel?

All my films until this one have been based on my own screenplays. But for a long while I'd been trying to zero in on a literary work that might inspire my filmic imagination, and enable me to get outside myself. The idea was to free the more purely directorial side of my imagination. I was beginning to feel like one of those do-it-yourself types who draws up the blueprints for a new house, cuts the wood, constructs the building, and even makes the furniture by hand. And in truth the screenplays I had written had begun to seem a little boring to me. I wanted to specialize at being only a director . . .

At about that time the West Berlin producer, Manfred Durniok, sent me a copy of Klaus Mann's *Mephisto.* Immediately after reading it, I felt it would make a great subject for a film. Not that the book has outstanding literary qualities, or is even a very good novel: in fact, the structure is rather flimsy and the characters a bit simplistic. But I found the life story of the central character to be thrilling and intense. A peripheral figure, an actor, is seduced by and gets very near to a nerve-center of the vast web of Nazi power. At the same time, he remains highly ambivalent about what he is doing. I felt that the novel delineated a universal problem concerning twentieth-century intellectuals: the relationship between history and the individual. So I told Mr. Durniok that I was certain a powerful film could be made from this novel.

So we began together to organize the production of *Mephisto.* I began to feel that I was drawing a certain strength from the inadequacies of the novel. One shouldn't make a film based on a *really* good novel, because such a novel has already found its authentic form, which is to be *read.* Its inevitable destiny is the experience of those who read it. Films should be made from novels that have not crystallized into this authentic form, but which still have something important that can be developed: a character, a story, a leitmotif, etc. We tried to extract and develop the vital ore which I found in this novel.

Was there also some influence from your previous film, Confidence, *which was also set in the Nazi era?*

Of course. In both films, a single theme is predominant: what the twentieth century has done to the human being. As has often been said, a crucial frailty resides in human nature: we are often unable to carry out the more difficult tasks set for us by history. But it's not always people who are to blame for that. The human tasks set by history in this century may be unique in their difficulty. As has also been stated, history is a kind of director deciding the roles we play in our individual lives. We may accept the roles allotted to us, while not having the capability or talent to appropriately enact them. But the dice are thrown by history, and it's difficult to cry out, "I don't care about this role that has been given me, I want to free myself from it . . . I cannot play such a big role, my personality is inadequate for it."

Returning to *Mephisto,* I of course began to delve into the real-life aspects of the story. As you probably know, the author Klaus Mann (son of Thomas Mann) was related to the famous actor, Gustav Gründgens, who was the husband of his sister. The rest of the family circle emigrated, but the formerly left-wing actor remained, and became a kind of shop-window showpiece during the Nazi period. The novel contains a polemically hateful portrait of its protagonist. Our task was not to show simplistic characters, in black-and-white fashion, but to recreate the human nuances of the real-life story.

At the end of Mephisto, *where the character panics in the midst of the Nuremberg spotlight thrown by his mentor Goering, I suddenly thought of the end of* Confidence, *where the male protagonist cries out in a touching yet infantile way for the woman he has lost and never understood. Which made me think of the way the Nazis, as shown in Schlöndorff's* The Tin Drum, *manipulated the infantile-dependency needs of those they wished to control. Isn't that true of an obviously narcissistic type like Gründgens?*

Well, yes, I would accept this analysis. I must say that I would use a different terminology. But I accept this view of Gründgens. If we decide to plunge into depth-psychology, our points-of-view will meet. You may talk about infantile behavior. I might talk about anxiety, about being scared. But our different terminologies meet in the dark room of childhood. And in this dark room, as Bergman shows, the child in us is frightened by those inevitable dark shadows. And because the child is afraid of the shadows in this dark room, he often does things that are not good for him. There is that powerful urge to fight against insecurity. Insecurity manifests itself in different ways. So security is sought within the warm embrace of the family, which gives protection, friendship, work, political and social recognition. Everybody needs at least one of these. Otherwise you feel lost in the world. People like Gründgens are afraid of isolation, and try to defend against this. The hero of *Confidence* has protected himself by means of his hermetic point of view. In the course of the story you realize that one cannot live in that way. This is brought about by the influence of the woman whom he has to hide from the Gestapo. He has been defending himself by playing roles. This is the only defense he can find. Then, after being with the woman, he finds that the roles have become invalid, his soul has been nakedly exposed to the light. He suddenly has this frantic need to escape from his roles. In terms of such an analysis, I fully agree with your comments.

This may perhaps enable us to bring up Goethe's Faust. *After all, Mephisto is certainly giving Goethe's hero a much-needed sense of security. While Mephisto has a destructive potential that competes with Iago, Macbeth, Goneril and Regan . . . Do you agree with the statement of Goering in the film that Mephisto is a "German national hero," which Goering says after seeing Gründgens play Mephisto in an elaborate, Nazi-financed production of* Faust?

You should not take that dialogue too seriously; you should, however, take the *character* seriously. General Goering is also an actor, playing a role. He says lots of stupid things in order to seem erudite. You could say that the Germans were seduced by the Mephisto-consciousness. And this applies to other nations as well. The trick is to give people the appearance of security. This film is, among other things, about the ability to be seduced. The reference-point is intellectuals, but it really applies to everybody. Almost everyone, alas, is standing at the corner waiting to be seduced. There are two possibilities. Either one feels good about it, and then, years later, says "Oh, how horrible that I was seduced!" Or else, one doesn't like it and says so.

As for the intellectuals, the security problem is greater than it is for those who work with their hands in fields or factories. Those who

work with their hands follow more closely what the powerful are doing: after all, they are directly affected by the machinations of power. Of course, they know their destiny is linked to these machinations, and that they must relate to them in order to get what they want. They must be aware of the economic realities: who will be paying their salaries, for example. And the weaker among them will follow the way the wind blows. Even if treason against their former masters is necessary. And this treasonous dynamic may be even more powerful among certain strata of the intellectuals, as exemplified by Gründgens. For such a man, the right connections mean more than anything else.

The security-lust, in the Nazi period as well as in our own, is probably most evident among the petit-bourgeoisie. How volatile their panic when their bank accounts diminish in value or disappear entirely! Or when they hear that a plane has been hijacked by terrorists. They begin to scream loudly against the chaotic world that seems to affront them. They push for a strong, authoritarian center of power which will assure jobs, order in the streets, public morality. In other words, a return to the "clean-living" Good Old Days. This was the mood at the end of the 1920s. It's not an accident that Hitler managed to seize power in those uncertain times. And he was not the only one capable of seducing a nation. History enabled similar characters to emerge elsewhere. Unfortunately, in the current period, there is such a situation. There is a nostalgia in many parts of the world for the emergence of leaders who could bring about such a simplistic and dangerous kind of "order." This is the evil chemistry behind the explosion of a military coup. This is the evil psychology behind those who suddenly proclaim themselves to be the Fathers of their Nations.

How ironic that this willing pawn of the Mephisto-seduction, Gründgens (or Höfgen, as he's called in the film), had earlier been a "proletarian" actor working for a Brechtian theater group!

In the real-life situation, it was a working-class theater group, not specifically Brechtian. I chose the piece by Brecht in which he performs during the film. It seemed to me historically appropriate to do so.

I guess it seemd "ironic" to me because the New Realism which directors like yourself and Schlöndorff and some of the Australians have recently brought about is, in many ways, a reaction against the didactic and narrowly naturalistic "Brechtianism" of post-'68 "politicized" directors like Godard and Fassbinder. During an interview I did with him, Schlöndorff quite forcefully asserted that his early "Brechtianism" has been superceded by an awareness of the poetic realism of Shakespeare's plays . . . Though this shouldn't negate the occasionally useful critical consciousness behind Godard and Fassbinder, or, on a larger scale, behind Brecht—who is quite Shakespearean in a play like The Caucasian Chalk Circle . . .

I'm similarly ambivalent about Brecht. But I should say that I love Brecht very much and am tremendously interested in his plays. He was a unique influence on the theater of his epoch. But he is not an idol for me. It's true that there are two Brechts, and that the film is critical of the narrowly didactic Brecht.

I've often noticed that the power of some of the greatest films—such as Ugetsu *or* The Grand Illusion *or* Ikiru*—flows from the way the final shots of the film create a kind of epiphany which mysteriously gathers together the strands of symbolism of the whole film; and I felt this during that blinding conclusion of* Mephisto.

I thank you for the compliment, though I can't say whether I deserve it. It seemed quite inevitable. Goering's blinding spotlights on the newly-created stage of Nuremberg. The hero's sudden realization that his pact with the Devil has brought him to the point where he cannot distinguish between reality and role. Or perhaps the role has become so overpowering that he must flee the stage. Or perhaps it is just the horrible glare of evil blinding him into the truth . . . In the end, things become too complex for him. Before that, it was simpler. He could relate his personality to the role he had to play. After all, he felt the need to be loved by others. He lived for nothing but success. And now he has it, but is suddenly overwhelmed by the fire and brimstone of these terrifying spotlights that Goering, with demonic childishness, playfully shoots at him from every direction.

During a recent press screening, I overheard John Simon, who otherwise liked the film, making vaguely negative remarks about the way you had excised the real-life and novelistic homosexuality of Gründgens.

Karen Boyd and Klaus Maria Brandauer: MEPHISTO.

As it happens, I was the one who told John Simon about this change. And Simon seemed skeptical about this change. So I asked him, "Does a character's homosexuality necessarily have to have anything to do with his collaboration with the Nazis?" I certainly didn't feel that I had to make the kind of connections that Visconti made concerning homosexuality and the Nazis. I feel that it's a great danger to do so. I wanted the audience to identify with the hero of this film. Especially in such a political film as this, which is about a movement that is now almost universally despised, and which raises the horrible enigma of collaboration for current-day audiences, I wanted to evoke a collective sense of questioning among my audience: could they make the same mistakes, could they submit to evil in the same way . . . To achieve this goal, we could not have a hero who would divert attention into another area. The homosexual theme is on a psychological plane: it has nothing to do with the film's concerns. In fact, in the novel there is no explicit focus on homosexuality. Klaus Mann was going in a different direction. His hero had a perverted sexual relation with a black dancer. He gets a masochistic thrill from being beaten by her. I decided to drop that from the story. I didn't want to give people the chance to say, "This man is collaborating with the Nazis because he is a pervert and a fetishist; and since I am not a pervert and fetishist, I could not collaborate with the Nazis . . ." The evil of Nazism does not result from perversion and homosexuality. Fascism and anti-Semitism are ultimately a special kind of perversion: the perversion of the soul. One must show this essential horror of the distortion of the human spirit. So you must get the "normal" audience, so vulnerable to this soul-perversion, to identify with the character.

But your character is not really that "normal"; after all, he's an actor . . .

I wouldn't say that he's not typical just because he's an actor. For him the important thing is to have success all the time, whatever the cost. He is a genius at adapting himself to unpredictable situations. Aren't there many people like this who are not professional actors? Of course, for an actor success has a special radiance. But the moral is almost painfully universal: you should not strive for success at any cost.

So the Mephistophelean pseudo-orgasm of success, in Mephisto, *fills the interpersonal void created, in* Confidence, *by the Stalinist central character who has to feel suspicion—a suspicion coming more from Hitler than Stalin —for the woman with whom he has had such an unexpected and beautiful sexual encounter?*

Yes, that's in the films—you can find it in the films. *Confidence* was a film about what

fascism can do to the souls of human beings. I wanted to show that even after they made love, after they achieved this unexpected intimacy, the Gestapo of suspicion continued to prevail.

Were you aware of actual relationships where such a thing occurred?

Yes. Of course. It's a terrible psychological reality. But Western intellectuals often emphasize the depth-psychological aspects of this Gestapo of suspicion while ignoring the political aspects. We who lived through those terrible times are not able to reduce everything to case-history. We have a more complicated, yet simpler, view of these things. So we want to do nothing more than tell the story of what has happened to us. Intellectuals are, of course, free to analyze *Mephisto* however they wish. But they should not neglect to see themselves as caught in the role which engulfs my central character. Fame is the most subtle of seducers.

As we mentioned previously concerning the pseudo-Brechtians, polemical omnipotence can be a subtle seducer for intellectuals . . .

Fortunately, I'm not as clever as I seem to be. The pseudo-Brechtians and the Godardians are too complex for me. In general, people are inspired by stories that illuminate their lives and their inmost selves. It's necessary that they are able to identify with the hero of a work of art. It's masochistic to deny the validity of the experiential dimension of art: the cathartic element. You might mention Aristotle, but Shakespeare and Chekhov are not bad either.

Speaking of catharsis, I have to return to the final scene with the actor blinded by the spotlights . . .

Don't forget the film was about a man who wanted to always dominate the spotlights: now he has got it!

What is "it"?

As we said, he's a man who yearned for the honey of success, to always live on the sunny side of the street. To always be the *center of attention.* This was his great struggle. Now he has made it. And now, blinded and afraid, he must ask: is this what he really wanted? Perhaps he will now question all the effort which has brought him to this terrifying situation.

It's a kind of . . . illumination . . .

Exactly. An illumination. And a catharsis—a purging and a cleansing.

That blinding light—perhaps Hitler, perhaps the presence of the Devil?

Exactly.

Reviews

CONFIDENCE

(Bizalom) Director: István Szabó. Script by Szabó, from a story by Erika Szanto. Photography: Lajos Koltai. Music: Gyorgy Sek and Tabor Polgar. New Yorker Films.

Confidence is about unrequited trust. In all of Szabó's films, he has tried to show how man's destiny slips from his grasp, as historical and geographical realities impinge on free will. For Szabó, hope lies in the emotional force which develops between people no matter how dark and threatening their past, present, or future seems, nor how unwilling they may be to enter into that kind of metahistorical play of passions. "It's bigger than most of us," Szabó said at the Berlin festival where he was about to receive the "Bear" for best direction of *Confidence.* Szabó ignores the fact that most of what one can say or show about love is cliché-ridden; thus it is a tribute to his sensitivity—as well as polite recognition of his repetitious denial that his films are autobiographical—to say that he taps the well-spring of clichés to show us what human flaws and virtues we all partake of.

A simple story, *Confidence* shows two people forced together by historical events (rather than forced apart as in *Lovefilm* or *Der Grüne Vogel*), who ultimately find it impossible to commit themselves to loving each other. Therefore, trust is the more pertinent topic: can people who do not trust each other love each other? It depends upon their reasons for distrust. Szabó allows an old newsreel to speak for him in the opening scene: "*To know the causes* of those terribly frightening noises you hear during an air raid mitigates fear," says the announcer in that upbeat tenor of World War II correspondents. "Different aircraft produce different noises, identifiable to the

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experienced ear." (We are well into the war.) The ludicrous reportage dispenses with bombers and turns to sports, "The Germans, in white, met the Hungarians on the playing field at . . . the score was tied, two to two." The camera has been withdrawing into the cinema, revealing the backs of heads, among them a blonde, who rises and walks out (on the newsreel?).

On a rainy, deserted street a man appears to accost her, grabbing her arm to steer her in the opposite direction—as men will be doing throughout the film. Her resistance subsides as soon as she hears his reasons: the police are at her home, searching for her husband, who has gone underground. Her husband's and daughter's safety are assured, as is her own, if she will go directly to a hospital where she will be given a new identity. As they sit on a bench by the river, the man cross-examines her: how much did she know about her husband's activities? She seems genuinely surprised at the question, and yet the man's reaction, "Yes, you must always reply that way to that question," reveals the extent to which comrades willingly accept truth as untruth or vice versa. The ambiguity of their secrecy is reinforced by Szabó's filming them from the rear, so that we watch in half-profile. In addition, her failure to challenge any of the man's proposals or claims could indicate complicity. In short, the actress Ildikó Bánsáqi has a conscious naiveté not to be confused with innocence, a quality Szabó often seeks in his lead actresses. She is a woman of uncertain sophistication, in that she dresses a bit too self-consciously for her wide-eyed vulnerability. The paradox is attractive and endows her with a degree of artless sex symbolism that marks her as a woman who needs to be protected—and therefore needs to be trusted.

To protect her as well as themselves, her husband's comrades give the woman a completely new identity: Katalin Biró, *née* Simó, 28 years old, with a daughter, etc. None of the alterations are incongruous with the woman we have watched for the first ten minutes, and as if to establish their aptness, Szabó includes a physical examination at the hospital where the doctor "rechristened" her. Her chest x-rays, height and weight, age, childhood diseases, even the blood pumped from her arm attest to the physical existence of Katalin Biró, who by the end of this ironic and cleverly cut sequence of body parts, backed up by her recital

of her personal data, has eclipsed the previous reality of Kata.

As she emerges from the hospital, she climbs aboard Szabó's ubiquitous yellow streetcar to reach her destination, an unknown room she will share with an unknown man. In this curious vacuum, the man seems unknowable, except for the odd bit of "acting" which is deliberately humane enough to secure their safety, and human enough to contrast with his otherwise mechanical behavior. We first see "Janos Biró" through the jail-like fence around the house where they will be staying, as he rushes forward to embrace Kata. The close-ups of her face register her fear of this cage and foreshadow the loneliness which will force her to establish some basis of trust with a man who will become her keeper.

Unlike love, trust does not occur at first sight. Janos takes advantage of her first absence from their room to rifle her handbag, where photos of her husband and child remain, despite orders to destroy any and all evidence of a previous life. This lays the cornerstone of his distrust, followed by his stone-walling reaction to her commanding and demanding presence. In one scene, where her genuine concern for her own daughter would supply realistic detail to their mutual concern for their fictive child, Janos berates her for describing a daughter to their landlady; in yet another scene, he criticizes her appearing outside the house in a nurse's uniform provided her as clothing because she doesn't "look" like the nurses in the area. His criticism and worries are justified, since any slip-up could betray them both, but his excessive anger betrays himself.

Although Janos is a man who has worked for years in the underground resistance and has dedicated his life to a political cause, his commitment, like that of many an activist, embraces mankind while balking at the needs of a fellow human being. His perception of their danger is correct, but he fails to share it with her except in prohibitions and impersonal tolerance. In the scenes of them together in their room, Szabó maintains a steady rhythm of medium shots and only slips into faintly paranoiac camera angles when they are having dinner with their landlord and their four heads appear in quick succession, exchanging glances or bent too intently over the soup. When Janos takes refuge in the bathroom to read a letter, Szabó allows a fish-eye deformation of the scene, which seems to call attention to our own observation of the scene and deny the possibility of privacy. Janos's initial refusal to betray a single incident or fact of his background is, paradoxically, his way of concurring with a policy that prohibits privacy of any kind. His anonymity is like that of an extortionist, commanding ever greater involvement in return for his protection. He refuses, on the other hand, to allow Kata, as long as she is Katalin Biró, any privacy but that of dressing and undressing for bed. He probes into her personality, testing her discretion in the presence of a trusted comrade, and baiting the landlady about conversations with Kata.

His own reluctance to open up to Kata, even after they have begun their love affair, has reasons both above and beyond the historical vacuum of their refuge. One flashback reveals that a girlfriend had betrayed him to the Nazis when he was a student in Germany. A letter-exchange with his wife shows her frustration in trying to establish even a modicum of sodality within the confines of marriage; his response to her is a hasty telephone call to assure her that he loves her, although he explains to Kata later that his wife is his best friend. In fact, she is functional, preventing him from too deep an involvement with Kata. His basic nature is untrusting, that of the pessimist prepared.

In one sequence where Kata's past penetrates their cloistered love, she is summoned via a messenger to meet with her husband. Upon her return the next day, Janos welcomes her with civility, draws her bath and abandons her, requiring no explanations and offering none when he returns to find her asleep in a tub of cold water (a scene repeated between husband and wife in *Der Grüne Vogel*). "You only did what would be expected of you," he explains as she struggles to express her feelings to him. In another place, he tells her, "I am reserved. I like my reservations. I cope with them well." Szabó does not stage these scenes in the "back-to-back" poses by now traditional for people talking past one another in films. The fact that a man, who needs a woman for his literal survival and metaphoric salvation, can face that woman and deny her in his behavior as well as in his own mind says more about man's inhumanity to man—not to mention woman—than all the nauseous existential-

ism of non-narrative structuralism.

Janos's inability to seal hermetically their inner exile is likewise his impotence in sealing off his own feelings. Once Kata came to share his room she would perforce share his experiences there and, in turn, share hers with him. Their love affair seems inevitable: two attractive people resisting each other in the narrow confines of their own paranoia eat from the same tree of knowledge as Adam and Eve. Szabó's love scenes create an intimacy and knowledge both carnal and social, as the two lovers indulge in the minor life-affirming details of a love affair—explaining scars, probing for sexual reassurance. After their first night together, Kata gazes fondly at Janos sleeping in his bed and says, "I have a lover. My first lover," with the latent recognition that a wider world exists where lies a second or third lover. When Pali, Janos's comrade, cynically calls them "honeymooners," Kata instinctively admits to him that they are in love. Her need to confirm their love in an expanded social context is, however, no less a form of control than his need to contain their emotional state within the hothouse of a false identity.

Szabó tries to make the point that confidence and trust must be an adjunct of love, but as we have seen in his earlier films, love cannot surmount geographical or historical barriers, and trust is equally handicapped when it is fostered in an artificial environment. To embark upon such an emotional exploration in an atmosphere infested with Nazi sympathizers and equivocating Hungarians is to commit oneself to a priority higher than survival—mutual protection of mutual interests.

Kata acquires more and more responsibility, as Janos's love for her extends to trust, while her love for him is too passionate for that of a wife, too claustrophobic for the purposes of an ephemeral identity. There come the inevitable accusations: Kata's "I have allowed you men to use me, to limit my freedom to love anyone," and Janos's "Can't I even step out of the house without your asking where I'm going? I hate this constant 'Do you love me?' " The dependency of their love and needs brings them to realize the desperation of their situation. Janos repeatedly denies the feelings he expressed the previous night in bed, and his physical movements fail to inspire trust, for he is prone to slink around corners and shift his eyes. Kata is, however, so forthright, when gazing at herself in the mirror the morning after (close-up on her eyes), as to be dangerously naive and aware of the present more than of the future.

Bizalom (whether one prefers the terse translation "trust" or the Latinate flourish of "confidence") is a film about security and embraces the same paradoxes one finds in a world where security is often invoked as an excuse for secrecy or behavior which inspires anything but confidence. Szabó shows us the effects rather than the causes of a world where one is not secure in one's own identity. Janos explains that he is a son of the bourgeoisie, but of late he claims to be descended from the new aristocracy of laborers and peasants, and the lie has become so ensconced in his own version of reality that one could say he "believes" it. Thus is his security purchased with the same false coin as his father's, who lied about his Serbian heritage. Janos, the revolutionary, believes that reality and identity are flexible enough to be altered by will. Kata, a mother and wife, is bound to respond to others' needs and demands; thus she is more inclined to betray her own false identity than to betray another woman in a queue who is being threatened by a perfidious old hag. Although her memory also falters in the face of a woman claiming to have known her since childhood, Kata is inclined to protect her.

Janos's chameleon nature ensures his survival in such a way as to leave the final scene open to several interpretations. As he runs through the people waiting in this brave new world to claim back their identity cards, he calls, "Mrs. Biró, Mrs. Biró!" Does he believe that Kata's wartime persona is still valid, that she has not reported to the authorities who and where they were during the last year, or is it that Janos's self-deception is so thorough that he believes that what was true underground can survive above ground? However one integrates this final surprise panic in Janos into an interpretation of *Bizalom,* the film has romantic, haunting reverberations. Szabó has "returned to realism," but beneath the modern detail is the mythic stuff of Orpheus and Eurydice. In a scene of them huddling in the darkness below the bombing, they admit that the hell of this war has been their refuge and that its end will be like the separation of death.

—KAREN JAEHNE

BRIAN HENDERSON

Harvard Film Studies: A Review

Pursuits of Happiness: The Hollywood Comedy of Remarriage. **By Stanley Cavell. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1981. $17.50.**

Hitchcock: The Murderous Gaze. **By William Rothman. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1982. $27.50.**

Two or Three Things I Know About Her: Analysis of a Film by Godard. **By Alfred Guzzetti. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1981. $28.50.**

Within the last year, the Harvard University Press has published three books on film by three Harvard professors. These volumes appear under the banner "Harvard Film Studies." They are united not only by press and academy but by considerable bonds of mutual reference and congratulation. There is no series introduction reprinted at the head of each volume; there is not even a Harvard Film Studies Editor to present each work. Whatever claims are made by the series as a whole must be deduced from the compared contents of the works themselves.

Stanley Cavell's book on Hollywood romantic comedy is a philosophical apology for marriage. To this end at least his discussions of Milton, Kant, Emerson, and others are relevant. Particularly Emerson, one supposes, for Cavell is specifically concerned with America as the site and potential home of the romantic couple. An essay written after this book was finished makes this clear.

> My ground is the thought that while America, or any discovered world, can no longer ratify marriage, the achievement of true marriage might ratify something called America as a place in which to seek it. This is a state secret.[1]

Cavell's book explores the notion of "true marriage" and of America as its true place. Needless to say, this is a project of the utmost idealism and its execution is not less so. Cavell's essays labor to release the meaning of abstract concepts like "true marriage" through a process of intuition and abstraction undimmed by historical or material realities. The issues of marriage in 1981 are the same as those of the 1930s and 1940s, or indeed of Shakespeare's time. Marriage, to Cavell, is constant, perhaps eternal in its nature and problems; one need not study history or society but only meditate rightly upon the notion itself.

Cavell's philosophic project is, in the last analysis, theological. His book is an essay in philosophical-theological speculation and, as such, belongs to a very old tradition of American thought. But in this case Cavell has hitched his speculations to certain films, seven to be exact, which brings his book to the attention of film scholars, most of whom might not otherwise be concerned with Cavell's work.

I think that there is a fundamental misalliance between Cavell's philosophical-theological project and the group of films he has chosen to discuss. In the terms of an older criticism he has failed to find an objective correlative for his concerns. The result is a forcing of his ideas upon his materials; Cavell raids the films to develop his favorite themes. He ignores aspects of genre, structure, visual form, plot, character, and dialogue that get in the way of his concerns or that do not support them. On the other hand, he devotes page after page to a line of dialogue or an aspect of plot that illumines the problem of "true marriage" as he understands it. From another point of view, I suppose, *Pursuits of Happiness* is too much film criticism and too little general cultural essay. If Cavell had taken "true marriage in America" as his theme and had followed it out, with illustrations from films and other materials, it might have been a more coherent book. As it is, Cavell attempts both film criticism and a general cultural essay and achieves neither. His double project allows him to shuttle back and forth between the two, rarely finishing a point, doing justice to neither.

The issue of Cavell's writing must be posed at the outset. When reviewers carp about writing or organization, readers may say: "Get on with it. Do the best you can. What does the book say?" Cavell's writing and organization, however, often prevent understanding; they

make one doubt that there is an argument at all. In order to criticize it, a reader must construct a Cavell argument, selecting passages that seem to make one out. As Leo Braudy said in a review of *The World Viewed* (1971),

> Most critics tacitly promise the reader a basic clarity . . . but Cavell makes no such promises. Subjects are brought up, dropped, and resummoned to serve the demands of a logic no doubt rooted in the author's psyche, but little in evidence on the page.[2]

Cavell raises two methodological problems concerning his film criticism. One has to do with his use of philosophy in analyzing films. He says, "I am not insensible, whatever defenses I may employ, of an avenue of outrageousness in considering Hollywood films in the light, from time to time, of major works of thought." (p. 8) He defends his doing so at length, here and elsewhere, ringing numberless variations on the propositions that philosophy is good for film and film is good for philosophy. But Cavell's diffidence about using Kant and Wittgenstein to discuss romantic comedies is somewhat disingenuous. Beneath his apologies, Cavell seems delighted with himself for putting these things together; he says of his philosophizing later, quoting *The Philadelphia Story*, "Ain't it awful?" But Cavell's endless defenses and retorts are needless. Any critic is free to use any source or system to analyze romantic comedy or any other topic; he need only convince us of its interest and usefulness. If Cavell is to be faulted, it is not for putting Kant and Capra together but for how he does so.

Cavell is genuinely defensive about his second recurring methodological point, the lack of visual analysis in his book. Cavell's in-advance resentment to criticism on this point leads him to denigrate visual analysis itself.

> So many remarks one has endured about the kind and number of feet in a line of verse, or about a superb modulation, or about a beautiful diagonal in a painting, or about a wonderful camera angle, have not been readings of a passage at all, but something like items in a tabulation, with no suggestion about what is being counted or what the total might mean. Such remarks, I feel, *say* nothing, though they may be, as Wittgenstein says about naming, preparations for saying something (and hence had better be accurate). (36-37)*

Yes, Cavell reduces his films to their literary content and takes that as his object of analysis.

*See also p. 11 and pp. 40-41.

Yes, his remarks are addressed to plot, characters, theme, in short, to the film's script. But one may take the filmscript for one's object as well as any other aspect. What is inadmissible is the claim that one is dealing with all aspects of the film at one time, or with its essence. Cavell's quite needless disparagement of visual analysis may reflect a project to reveal the full and final *truth* of the films he addresses. (See Barthes, *Critique et vérité.*)

A methodological point that Cavell does not raise squarely, alas, is that of genre. Cavell's distinctive version of generic criticism is concerned with "The Hollywood Comedy of Remarriage," a genre of his own discovery and designation. His discussion of it extends through the entire book and provides its structure: an introduction followed by a chapter devoted to each of the films that comprise the genre. These are: *The Lady Eve* (1941), *It Happened One Night* (1934), *Bringing Up Baby* (1938), *The Philadelphia Story* (1940), *His Girl Friday* (1940), *Adam's Rib* (1949), *The Awful Truth* (1937).

Determining Cavell's definition of the genre of remarriage comedy is a considerable problem, finally insoluble. He does not define it in a 42-page introduction; he is still defining and redefining the genre in the book's final chapter and does not resolve it there either. Is the reader expected to do this work that the book fails to do? One might arrive at something by a process of abstraction and synthesis from the less confusing passages; but the book is full of sliding senses of terms and reversals that say "You thought I was arguing so-and-so, but I'm not." Cavell says, for instance:

> Now here is what the marriage in *The Philadelphia Story* comes to, I mean what it fantasizes. It is a proposed marriage or balance between Western culture's two forces of authority, so that American mankind can refind its object, its dedication to a more perfect union, toward the perfected human community, its right to the pursuit of happiness.
>
> It would not surprise me if someone found me, or rather found my daydream, Utopian. But I have not yet said what my waking relation to this daydream is, nor what my implication is in the events of the film. (158-159)

These early statements in the book seem clearer on the genre of remarriage than most, though they are not free from later qualification either.

> What I am calling the comedy of remarriage [casts] as its heroine a married woman; and the

drive of its plot is not to get the central pair together, but to get them *back* together, together *again*. Hence the fact of marriage in it is subjected to the fact or the threat of divorce. (1-2)

Put a bit more metaphysically: only those can marry who are already married. It is as though you know you are married when you come to see that you cannot divorce, that is, when you find that your lives simply will not disentangle. If your love is lucky, this knowledge will be greeted with laughter.

A critic can call any group of works a genre. The question is: what does calling them that allow one to accomplish or discover? William James said that kinds are teleological instruments, not essences. Cavell's "genre of remarriage" generates more difficulties and conflicts than it resolves—he spends the entire book pursuing these. The problems arise not only in application; his genre designation is contradictory on its surface. First, "remarriage" commonly means the entry of a person from a dissolved union into a new union with someone else; *The Second Time Around, Remarriage in America* by Leslie Aldridge Westoff does not even mention the case of two people marrying each other again. Second, of the seven films, only *The Philadelphia Story* shows a remarriage in Cavell's sense, although *His Girl Friday* implies it. In *Adam's Rib,* the couple separates briefly then rejoins. *The Awful Truth* brings the couple back together just as the divorce decree becomes final. But *The Lady Eve, It Happened One Night,* and *Bringing Up Baby*? These are classic tales of single persons who meet in the course of the film, undergo various attractions and difficulties, and end up together. They do not belong in Cavell's ballpark. Ellie is married (unconsummated) to someone else at the start of *It Happened One Night,* but this is not Cavell's "remarriage."

Along the way, Cavell adds various clauses and additions to his definition: the "expansion of the father-daughter relationship" (49), the removal of the action from a starting place of impasse to a place in which perspective and renewal are to be achieved—in four of the seven films, this is Connecticut (47). The death and revival of the woman from Old Comedy becomes in these films, the death and revival of feeling—"it has to happen with the woman, and she cannot, nobody can exactly *bring* that resolution about" (163). This is, however, related to the generic requirement that the man in each of these films lectures the woman at some point, in order to educate her, which means to awaken her awareness of her desire.

Each of these categories brings up new exceptions and inclusions, which Cavell chases down at considerable length. For instance, after making a good point about *The Awful Truth,*

[The film presents] an unbroken line of comic development, a continuous unfolding of thought and of emotion, over a longer span than is imagined in the companions among the genre of comedy in which we are placing the film. (237)

Cavell then traces "the comedic to its roots in the everyday" and he is off on a many-paged digression on the diurnal succession of light and dark in these films and how this relates to the succession of the seasons in classical comedy.

He makes another good point:

You learn to look, in a McCarey scene, for the disturbing current under an agreeable surface. He has the power to walk a scene right to that verge at which the comic is no longer comic, without losing either the humor or letting the humor deny the humanity of its victims. (243)

But then he takes off from the scene where Irene Dunne sings for Cary Grant and company to consider all the scenes in all the seven comedies in which people sing.

Before considering that effect let us loop back and collect the instances of singing throughout the films of remarriage we have been reading. It seems a firm commitment of the genre to make room for singing, for something to sing about and a world to sing in. (248)

But then it becomes a problem for Cavell that Dunne sings for Grant; in the other films, the man sings to the woman. This is one of many instances in which Cavell's "definitions" of the comedy of remarriage create imaginary problems; the book is largely spent pursuing these.

Cavell takes his genre project seriously enough to recognize and discuss conflicting features in the films he is discussing. But because he adds ad hoc and arbitrary features to his definition of genre—Connecticut, man lecturing to woman, who sings to whom, etc.—the exceptions and problems multiply. Add to this that Cavell is still adding features in his last chapter—singing is one, day-night alternation as classical succession of seasons is another—and you get a sense of the book's mode of proceeding. ("Method" is not quite the right word.) The terms of this proceeding are already loose

enough to permit wandering forever without ever deciding anything; but to them Cavell adds a "compensation" principle whereby the absence of one genre feature may be balanced in some unspecified way by the presence of another. This is nothing less than a license to fish for whatever metaphysical catch one wishes at any point in the discussion that one chooses. If I add that the dispensable/compensable features include remarriage itself, the reader interested in genre may well stop reading. On *It Happened One Night:*

> I might, again, say that the matter of remarriage is only one of an open set of features shared by this genre of comedy and that the absence of even that feature may in a given instance be compensated for by the presence of other features. (84)*

Since his book is devoted to it, why does Cavell never discuss the nature of genre and genre criticism? He might have consulted, among others, Aristotle, Hegel, Bradley, Todorov, Croce (a classical anti-genre position), Derrida. On film genre, he might have consulted, among many others, Warshow, Ryall, Kitses, Buscombe, Braudy, Kaminsky, Neale, Schatz. Cavell does cite Coghill and Frye on whether to call the place beyond the normal "the green world" or "the golden world," but not on the central issues of his thesis. One wonders at last whether Cavell is serious about his genre project, despite his persistence and its domination of the book's pages. Perhaps he does indeed use it as a pretext to support his various digressions and mini-essays on diverse topics along the way. Because the genre discussion is so arbitrary and unconvincing, one feels that perhaps one should attempt to read the book in other ways, despite itself.

An odd result of the application of Cavell's philosophic interests to these films is that he often fixes on details that seem minor, at least when isolated from their contexts. Let us look at Cavell's chapter on *It Happened One Night.* It begins with an eight-page discussion of the notion of limits as elaborated by Kant and other philosophers. "If it is inevitable that the human conceive itself in opposition to God . . . then it is inevitable that the human conceive itself as limited." (73) When Cavell does get to the film, he begins in this way.

> Not knowing whether human knowledge and human community require the recognizing or the dismantling of limits; not knowing what it means that these limits are sometimes picturable as a barrier and sometimes not; not knowing whether we are more afraid of being isolated or of being absorbed by our knowledge and by society—these lines of ignorance are the background against which I wish to consider Frank Capra's *It Happened One Night* (1934). And most urgently, as may be guessed, I wish to ponder its central figure of the barrier-screen, I daresay the most famous blanket in the history of drama. I am not unaware that some of my readers—even those who would be willing to take up Kant and Capra seriously, or earnestly, in isolation from one another—will not fully credit the possibility that a comic barrier, hardly more than a prop in a traveling salesman joke, can invoke issues of metaphysical isolation and of the possibility of community —*must* invoke them if this film's comedy is to be understood. I still sometimes participate in this doubt, so it is still in part myself whose conviction I seek. (80-81)
>
> But then let us be wise enough, if we care about this film, to care about the rigors of this symbolism. (81)

At such points, one is either with Cavell or not. We are asked to participate in a project of interest to Cavell but that he fails to make interesting to us. He also fails to deal with the films themselves in any satisfactory way: no film completely, nor even aspects of films, rather odd details that his systems invest with great significance. Cavell calls his project "reading films" but he merely raids them for philosophic topics. As the topics proliferate, none pursued to a conclusion, the estrangement from the films increases. Occasionally, usually in the form of a digression from a digression, Cavell will suddenly connect with an issue of importance, but this is never for long; another digression carries him away.

> What this pair does together is less important than the fact that they do whatever it is together, that they know how to spend time together, even that they would rather waste time together than do anything else—except that no time they are together could be wasted. (88)

*Concomitantly, the fact of remarriage itself does not guarantee the inclusion of a comedy in the genre of remarriage. "One moral to draw from the structure of *Private Lives* is that no one feature of the genre is sufficient for membership in the genre, not even the title feature of remarriage itself. Another moral is that the fact that *Private Lives* seems closer than our comedies do to the spirit of Restoration comedy is a good reason not to look to Restoration comedy (as I have periodically, for obvious reasons, found myself tempted to do) as a central source of the comedy of remarriage." (19)

Cavell is idealizing further what is already idealized in the films—his notion of reading them—but he is onto something of importance here. One hopes that he will probe this sense of interaction, tracing the mechanics by which the films produce it—such moments occur at particular plot points, in specific settings; they use certain dialogue, gestures, acting style, etc. A catalogue of kinds of activities and kinds of time spent together in these films would be of interest. But he is soon off on a six-page discussion of food in the film. This is followed soon enough by a five-page analysis of why Gable leaves Colbert before the film's climax brings them back together—when Cavell does play film critic, he often plays the most rudimentary kind, analyzing why a character does this rather than that. He ends with five more pages on the blanket-barrier, this time likening it to a movie screen. Cavell's swoops include odd claims for a modernist reading of this or that detail, but these are, like everything else in the book, sudden inspirations, not parts of an overall scheme. Bellow says of a character in "Mosby's Memoirs," "And when he emerged from the bathroom he invariably had a topic sentence." At times Cavell's book seems nothing but topic sentences.

Cavell on women and on men-women relations is as contradictory as he is on any other topic. He takes it as an essential feature of his genre

> to leave ambiguous the question whether the man or the woman is the active or the passive partner, whether indeed active and passive are apt characterizations of the difference between male and female, or whether indeed we know satisfactorily how to think about the difference between male and female. (82)

He calls the genre also "the comedy of equality." As before, Cavell manages here to idealize further what is already idealized in film. But he is on an interesting track and again one hopes in vain that he will pursue it. (Instead he turns right after this to more speculations on the blanket in *It Happened One Night.*) And Cavell pursues other topics that themselves quite undermine his "comedy of equality."

> In the genre of remarriage the man's lecturing indicates that an essential goal of the narrative is the education of the woman, where her education turns out to mean her acknowledgment of her desire, and this in turn will be conceived of as her creation, her emergence, at any rate, as an autonomous human being. (84)

Unfortunately this is a topic that Cavell does pursue; he returns to it again and again throughout the book. In his genre, woman must die and be reborn. This is the basis of his somewhat far-fetched relation of the genre of remarriage to Old Comedy and to Shakespeare. In Old Comedy, he says, the woman is the center whereas the man is the center of New Comedy. Is the woman the center of Cavell's seven Hollywood films? This is questionable and, besides, centerplace is often given to the object of spectation and pursuit rather than to the protagonist. In Old Comedy the woman supposedly undergoes death and transformation—this is something I have been unable to verify in Francis Cornford, *The Origin of Attic Comedy.* This is what he finds in Shakespeare also, particularly *The Winter's Tale,* in which Hermione is dead, cast away by Leontes, but a statue of her appears in the last act and comes to life. If one insists on comparing these films to Shakespeare, a dubious enterprise, should it not be the Shakespeare of the early comedies, such as *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*?

Cavell is obsessed with the notion of the creation of woman by man or through his agency; this determines his interest in and treatment of classical sources also. I need not belabor the reactionary and paternalistic myth in Cavell's notion nor how inconsistent it is with any version of feminism that one can think of. Woman is an object to be moulded by men, which is to be understood as her birth to herself and liberation. Cavell's theme of woman as statue to be awakened by man fits one of his films rather well—*The Philadelphia Story,* with its images of virgin goddesses and garden statues that come to life—but he stretches outrageously to make it fit the others.

Cavell is also obsessed with the actual women who play in these films. He raises the question

> why it was only in 1934, and in America of all places, that the Shakespearean structure surfaced again, if not quite on the stage. I have in effect already outlined the answer I have to that question. Nineteen thirty-four—half a dozen years after the advent of sound—was about the earliest date by which the sound film could reasonably be expected to have found itself artistically.* And it happens that at that same date there was a group of women of an age and a temperament to make possible the definitive realization of the genre that answered the Shakespearean description, a date at which a phase of human history, namely,

> a phase of feminism, and requirements of a genre inheriting a remarriage structure from Shakespeare, and the nature of film's transformation of its human subjects, met together on the issue of the new creation of a woman. (19-20)

Cavell makes clear that he means the *actual* women as somehow a precondition for the appearance of his genre, not their skills as actresses. "What suits the women in them—Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Katherine Hepburn, Rosalind Russell, Barbara Stanwyk—for their leading roles?" (18) His answer is that all were born between 1904 and 1911 and that their mothers were of the 1880s generation, a distinguished group of women. Cavell's belief that the women who play in this genre must somehow "be" what they portray no doubt reflects his notions about the ontology of film generally. But it also reflects traditional sexist ideas linking women with "being" and attempting to identify their appearances with their essences, in order to control them. And it reflects quite uncritically that fixation on the woman as object of spectation and desire that classical narrative cinema proposes. Characteristically, Cavell makes a metaphysical, pseudo-"modernist" amplification of his interest in the women of these films, attempting to map it back on the films themselves.

> The relation between Eve and Jean is not an issue for us, but the nature of the relation of both Eve and Jean to Barbara Stanwyck, or to some real woman called Barbara Stanwyck, is an issue for us—an issue in viewing films generally, but declared, acknowledged as an issue in this film by the way it situates the issue of identity.
>
> It is a leading thought of mine about the film comedies of remarriage that they each have a way of acknowledging this issue, of harping on the identity of the real women cast in each of these films, and each by way of some doubling or splitting of her projected presence. (63-64)

We know from deconstructive criticism, and from earlier modes of reading, that all texts are readable as signifying their textual mechanisms and ideological pretexts. The question is therefore which of these the *critic* "harps on" and for what reasons. As for the text itself harping on certain things in a textual action that the critic merely recounts objectively—that is an illusion no longer tenable. As for the availability of skilled actresses to play these roles in the 1930s, why should this need accounting for? There have been actresses equal to the parts of Shakespeare, Congreve, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, *et al.* since women have been allowed on the stage. (See Rosamond Gilder, *Enter the Actress* [New York: Theatre Arts Books, 1960].)

In a number of earlier reviews and other pieces, William Rothman has cast himself as Stanley Cavell's foremost follower in filmic matters. He has more than once asked of a film book why it has not considered the work of Stanley Cavell; behind his other criticisms, one feels, this is the root, unforgivable fault. In an article on Jean Mitry, Rothman includes a footnote to his own comments: "With respect to the subject of film, this is an obscure reference to Stanley Cavell." But another footnote in the same essay also has an overt reference to Cavell.[3] Rothman is never happier than when making overt or covert references to Stanley Cavell. Even *The Murderous Gaze* evidences a desire to follow a Cavellian line, however unlikely to his purpose.

> A film like *It Happened One Night* opens with an announcement that it is a comedy, that love will not finally be denied (of course, we don't know what kind of comedy it is going to turn out to be; indeed, the world never before knew the genre of comedy that Capra's film inaugurates). (134)

> As I have argued, the Hitchcock thriller has always borne a close and complex relationship to the "comedy of remarriage" initiated by *It Happened One Night.* (178)

Even after one has read Cavell's book, this statement makes one sit up—Frank Capra's comedy of what? You mean his film about two people who meet on the road, fall in love, and marry? Rothman's not infrequent willingness to take silliness to madness is displayed in this line:

> All the pre-Hitchcock films that develop and explore [Cary] Grant's screen persona, even remarriage comedies such as *The Awful Truth, Bringing Up Baby, His Girl Friday,* and *The Philadelphia Story,* play on our dark suspicion that Grant may be murderous by nature. (122)

The "murderous gaze" is evidently the critic's own, seeing murderousness everywhere.

But Cavell is a hard act to follow; his critical method is idiosyncratic enough to make disci-

*This is not only wrong; its "reasoning" is appalling. By 1934, Von Sternberg, Lubitsch, Fritz Lang, Jean Renoir, Dziga Vertov, Hawks, Hitchcock, earlier Capra, etc. had all made—to say the least—fully accomplished films in sound.

pleship next to impossible. Rothman's book is, in any case, very unlike Cavell's, even in its absurd overuse of such favorite Cavell terms as "acknowledge" and "declare." Gusts of strong and tepid winds characterize Cavell's book and, heaven knows, they blow every which way. Rothman's book is very regular—five long chapters on five films, *The Lodger* (1926), *Murder!* (1930), *The Thirty-Nine Steps* (1935), *Shadow of a Doubt* (1943), and *Psycho* (1960)—and its tone is very even, but there is an odd, suppressed fury underneath it. Cavell puts the "I" at the center of his book; Rothman suppresses the "I" until his "Postscript," where it emerges to make monstrously egotistical claims.

It must be admitted that, sentence by sentence, Rothman writes better than the other Harvard writers. But the tasks he sets himself are lesser ones than theirs. He has no theoretical introduction and proposes no method. Each of his long chapters describes the film in question, often with crucial omissions, at great length. It is easier to write flowingly if one is not encumbered by theoretical concerns and if one does not justify anything, or even argue, but just describes. Rothman does interpret Hitchcock, but he does this in the course of his ongoing descriptions. This is a way to disown the responsibility to present and defend an interpretation by mapping it onto the film itself. Thus Rothman's metaphysical and psychological statements are short, declarative sentences intermixed with his descriptive "he says this," "she does that" sentences. This is a clever rhetorical strategy, at least for unwary readers, for the massive descriptions give one the sense of seeing the film again (sometimes), while the interspersed metaphysics and psychologics turn that experience in Rothman's interpretive direction. One might call this manipulation; Rothman does not argue or propose, he recycles the film through the reader, rewriting his memory of it.

How specifically is this done? What does Rothman "add" to his apparently simple descriptions? He adds interpretations of characters' motives, psychological states, actions, as well as his metaphysics of "acknowledgment." Cavell does this sometimes, but Rothman does it pervasively: "film criticism" for him is very largely the matter of deciding why characters do things and what their psychic-spiritual states are. Rothman "fills out" the films, by filling in their gaps and ambiguities with specific psychological contents. As noted, he does this not separately and in the open, but by alternating them with his action descriptions as simple statements. Rothman does not analyze; essentially he has written a novel based on each film.

> She has had her fill of Norman, and declares this encounter, and indeed their entire relationship, closed. In the warm glow of her pity, Marion feels beholden to this hopeless case, edified by this example of the resilience of the human spirit. She does not regard Norman as her equal. For example, she does not view Norman as a man she could desire or who could desire her. Even as she thanks him for imparting a lesson in humanity, she summarily dismisses him. . . . But in his voice can also be heard disdain for this woman who is oblivious of her own hypocrisy, and oblivious as well of his intelligence. (286)

> "People always call a madhouse 'someplace,' don't they? Put her in '*some place*'." These words, spoken as if to no one present, once again imply that Marion is just like all the rest, not prepared to acknowledge him. (285)

To these novels Rothman has added one new character: Hitchcock himself. Quite consistently with his approach, Rothman deals with questions of authorship and creativity by making Hitchcock, the actual Hitchcock, a character in his films. If Rothman has written a dark metaphysical novel then Hitchcock is its Miltonic Satan and God. Rothman's Hitchcock does not tip his hand around every corner of his universe, but only at certain moments, which are the cream of his creationist jest.

The motives of characters and their interactions; the transactions between Hitchcock, his characters, and his audiences; the critic's relation to the films, to Hitchcock, and, presumably, to readers are governed by a protocol: that of "acknowledgment." Demands for, refusals or exchanges of acknowledgment also enlist the cognate terms "(to) declare" and "(to) author." Thus a particular killing by Norman Bates "declares" this or that, while he is the "author" of his murders and demands "acknowledgment" for them. This bizarre and opaque terminology is apparently necessary if Rothman is to bring Hitchcock into his creation in the way that he wishes; for in his book every killer is an artist and an author, that is, a stand-in for Hitchcock, seeking acknowledgment for his handiwork, while Hitchcock himself is "murderous" toward the viewer if

acknowledgment is refused him.

> [*The Lodger*] calls for and authorizes an attentive reading that acknowledges its authorship. Hitchcock does not avenge himself on viewers who acknowledge him; he exempts them from his indictment. (52)

Indeed, if things go well for him, Hitchcock can be quite sunny.

> [In *The Thirty-Nine Steps*] Hitchcock too must be satisfied with the fate of his subjects: the Professor's challenge to his authorship has been defeated and punished, and those who acknowledge his power have been saved. . . . Why should Hitchcock not give his blessing to those who identify with Hannay, who join in affirming the author of this world? (172)

But if things do not go Hitchcock's way, it can be pretty hard on all concerned.

> [On *Psycho*] the intruder intends to teach Marion a lesson [and] stands before her demanding acknowledgment. . . . In her hubris, Marion has denied the world in the person of Norman Bates, denied Hitchcock, and denied us. Now we are joined with Hitchcock in subjecting her to a twofold demonstration. First, she is compelled to acknowledge this apparition as her own projection. Second, she is compelled to acknowledge this nightmare figure also as real, beyond her control. . . . In the scene that ensues, we join with Hitchcock in subjecting Marion to a savage assault unprecedented in its violence, while Hitchcock also avenges himself on those who fail to acknowledge him. (301)

It is sometimes quite unclear in Rothman who is doing what to whom and who is acknowledging it or failing to do so. What "acknowledgment" means is a constant puzzle. Rothman uses the word in many different contexts and for many different relationships: character-character, author-character, character-viewer, author-viewer, critic-character, critic-author, critic-reader, etc. It is his central critical term, he uses it over 75 times in the first half of the book alone; but he never defines it or discusses the word at all. He writes as though we all know the word already and as though its meaning were clear whatever the context in which it is used. What does it mean to say that Marion is not prepared to acknowledge Norman? Or that Handell Fain dies unacknowledged in *Murder!*? Is this a metaphysical statement, a psychological one, a sexual one, a social one? Is her failure to acknowledge him the reason that Norman kills Marion?

Rothman sometimes includes visual descriptions in his running account of the five films, sometimes duplicating one or more of the many stills that are reprinted from the film, sometimes not. Since his description is so full —concerning the parts of the films he deals with—the stills often seem superfluous, an alternate text rather than integrations into the main one. Rothman's visual analyses tend to be the standard ones, familiar to anyone who knows the Hitchcock literature. For example, he makes much of the identical placement in the frame of Uncle Charlie and young Charlie in our first views of them and later in *Shadow of a Doubt*. But this has been explored by every Hitchcock critic I can remember from Rohmer and Chabrol in 1957 to Raymond Durgnat in 1974. Rothman writes as though he is discovering these things for the first time, but he is not. The same is true of the framings of Norman and Marion in their discussion scenes, including the careful handling of their reflections in the mirror. Besides the published accounts, these visual patterns are familiar to teachers and students who discover or rediscover them perennially in their lectures and papers. Rothman chooses to devote 25 large pages and some 75 stills to the shower sequence in *Psycho*, one of the most analyzed and reproduced in the entire film literature. There are reproductions of the sequence in Truffaut, in Yvonne Rainer's *Work, 1961-1973*, and, of course, in Richard J. Anobile's 1300-plus frame blow-ups from the film, admittedly some of them cropped. Given these, Rothman's 215 frame reproductions from the film seem like conspicuous consumption.

In his extraordinary "Postscript," the most pretentious piece of film criticism I have read, Rothman confronts "the tyranny of the Hitchcock legend head on" (342). Rothman is disgusted by the public tributes to Hitchcock, which sought to make him "one of us." That this is the supremely unpalatable designation for Rothman says more about him than about the ordinary mortals who presumed to praise his hero. Rothman talks about Hitchcock in the almost purely projective terms reserved for an ego ideal.

> Hitchcock's silences mocked those who took for granted that they knew him when they had not penetrated his most elementary secrets, not escaped his simplest traps, not even recognized his disdain or his anguish. (344)

Rothman builds inevitably to "declaring" his own role in the "acknowledgment" of Hitchcock.

> Clearly, in the readings that make up *this*

> book, I cast myself as the figure who steps forward to answer Hitchcock's call for acknowledgment. . . . When I say that my writing aspires to answer Hitchcock's call for acknowledgment, I also mean that Hitchcock's films call for writing such as this, even call it forth. If Hitchcock is secret author of his own obituary, my writings are equally projections of his authorship; only they are authorized not by his words but by his silences. The Hitchcock who emerges in these readings could well have written them himself. (346)

In a most unfortunate ad campaign for this book, the Harvard University Press has advertised it in *The New Republic* and elsewhere as "One book Hitchcock might have written."[4] This is unseemly for any press to say, but for a university press it is inexcusable. The attribution of opinions to those who cannot refute them, including the dead, is low enough; what bothers me even more is the utter misstatement of the goal of criticism.

Rothman continues, rather astoundingly outdoing himself in the assertions of an unbridled ego.

> Yet the Hitchcock for whom I speak, who calls forth my words, is also my creation. I am his character and he is mine; the boundary between my identity and his is unfathomable, like that between Norman Bates and "mother." That the voice speaking for Hitchcock's films here is also possessed by them is what is most deeply Hitchcockian about the book, what Hitchcock would have most appreciated, I believe, what might have moved him beyond words. (346)

If Rothman steps forward to acknowledge Hitchcock, "where that calls for discovering his life's blood on every frame of his films" he does it "not for Hitchcock but for his audience, which stands in need of instruction in viewing his films" (347). Not surprisingly, given the rest, Rothman feels a need to explain why

> Hitchcock died without reading a word of this book. I sent him no part of it, although for some months several chapters were in virtually final form. (347)

> What I most feared, I now believe, was that he would acknowledge my writing. I was afraid for myself and for him. (347)

Besides the call for acknowledgment, Hitchcock's work reveals a "dread, and avoidance, of acknowledgment," which Rothman deduces that he must share.

Rothman is strong on acknowledgment in the metaphysical sense but quite weak on acknowledgment in the mundane sense of taking note of prior work on a subject. Truffaut is insulted for, of course, failing to acknowledge Hitchcock in their interactions; Wood is mentioned in passing; Durgnat, Rohmer & Chabrol, Andrew Sarris, Peter Bogdanovich, Ian Cameron, Godard, etc., etc. are not mentioned at all.

Guzzetti's book is a useful contribution to film scholarship. Its detailed presentation of the script of *Two or Three Things I Know About Her* (1967) is an invaluable tool for the close study of this important film. It is difficult to imagine a future analysis of the film that will not benefit from this book. It is also a natural for classroom use; but not at $28.50. It should be issued soon in a paperback edition for under $10.

The script is printed in French and English in facing columns on the lefthand page; a commentary on the film appears on the righthand page. The length of each shot in minutes and seconds is noted as well as cumulative film time elapsed at the end of each shot. Guzzetti divides the film into eighteen sequences and numbers the shots of each sequence; for example, the last shot of the carwash sequence (Sequence 12) is designated 12.29. Guzzetti's sequence division is frequently arbitrary, particularly its allocation of construction shots and other documentary material to one sequence rather than the next or rather than making them separate sequences. Shots 5.2 to 5.6 are an example; they belong neither to the sequence shot of the day-care center/brothel (5.1) nor to the dress shop sequence (Sequence 6). Such divisions bear upon interpretation of the film, they *are* interpretations of it, and will be challenged by other readings. But Guzzetti's division will almost certainly become standard because it makes precise reference to a highly complex film simple and quick.

Most usefully, Guzzetti has reproduced at least one frame from each shot of the film, printed in the exact Techniscope proportions and in black-and-white. Sometimes there are two frames from the shot to show a change of glance or some other development; there are eleven frames from 5.1, to indicate camera movement and reframing in this long sequence shot. He even includes the exact musical notation for Godard's excerpts from Beethoven's String Quartets #16 and #4! Much less well

rendered are camera movements, indicated very approximately, and sounds, admittedly difficult to describe but essential to *Two or Three Things.**

On the debit side, Guzzetti has unaccountably omitted a list of credits for the film. He should also have included somewhere a plot summary of the film, preferably in outline form, perhaps as an appendix. He might have included a simple map of Paris, indicating where the "ensembles" of the film are located.† He should most definitely have included the *Le Nouvelle observateur* articles on housewife prostitution that were the point of departure for the film. This material would have increased the value of the book for students and specialists alike; a book devoted to a single film, a large and expensive book at that, requires such essential items.

The book's commentary is far more open to question than its presentation of script. Guzzetti describes the method of his commentary in a seven-page introduction. His approach

> has a character that is unavoidably shaped by the film it takes for an example. Because *2 ou 3 choses* presents itself, as I have said, as built from images and sounds, it encourages and supports an analysis along the same lines. (5)

Guzzetti has referred earlier in the introduction to "a marked weakening in the role of narrative" in Godard's films from the mid-sixties on.

> Godard's slackening interest in narrative and his growing absorption in the political come to a head in his thirteenth feature film, *2 ou 3 choses* . . . [This film] includes a significant number of shots and texts, extending from the first sequence to the last, whose presence is not explicable in terms of the narrative. This material, unlike its counterparts in the earlier films, comprises a major element in the structure of the whole. Accordingly, the burden of the spectacle is shifted from the narrative to the image; the film is, as it were, built from sounds and images rather than story. (3)

Guzzetti makes this sense of the film, itself unsupported and underived but simply announced as fact at the outset of the introduction, the basis for his mode of commentary.

> As for the particular character of my analysis, it is shaped in part by the decision to follow in my commentary the succession of shots and sounds in the film. If I had to describe this procedure in a word, I should call it "empirical," since it begins from the organization of the seen and the heard. (5)

Guzzetti also calls this method "interpreting what the film signifies at each moment" (5).

Whether or not it is inherent in his method, Guzzetti's "moment by moment" approach in fact leads him to ignore the overall structures of *Two or Three Things,* a serious failing. One example is narrativity itself, which can only be considered from a holistic standpoint.* From this point of view alone can one comprehend: ellipses, implied events, implied relations between events; relations between discourse (sounds and images) and story; meanings, themes, connotations deriving from these. Even departures from narrative can be authoritatively identified and evaluated only from the standpoint of the narrative as a whole. This includes those ambiguous instances that one finds in *Two or Three Things:* is a street or a poster shot narrative or non-narrative? It also includes determining those non-narrative figures that relate connotatively to the narrative—some of the film's construction shots look like human sexual activity, etc. These and other shots may be placed in relation to narrative sequences so as to assume meanings that other such shots do not have.

Other structures and qualities of the whole film are beyond the reach of Guzzetti's method also: visual-sound constructions as a whole,

*James Roy MacBean's article on *Two or Three Things* (*Film Quarterly,* Summer 1968) makes the film's near-constant noise its central theme. First viewers of the film are still often struck most by its use of sound. Guzzetti's commentary makes little of this feature of the film and even then sees it as impediment to hearing the lines or as a kind of atmosphere. The book carefully reclaims every line of dialogue except one (14.19); but this makes the film more lucid, more totally accessible than viewing the film can be, at least without subtitles.

†Godard shot the film so as not to show the skyline and buildings of the old Paris, a matter requiring some care. *Alphaville* (1965) presents an imaginary Paris of the future by selectively shooting the Paris of its day. "Le Nouveau monde," in *RoGoPag* (1962) shoots the Paris of its day unselectively and calls it the future. *Two or Three Things* presents a Paris of its day that is already the future and becoming more so, a more dialectical conception than the sci-fi plans of the earlier films.

*Note the circularity of the argument: Guzzetti derives his method from the assumed unimportance of narrative in *Two or Three Things;* that method in turn makes consideration of narrative difficult or impossible.

including the relations of the off-screen voice to the narrative as a whole.

An equally serious defect of Guzzetti's commentary is that, like "empirical" approaches generally, it is blind to its own assumptions and standards and to the partiality of its interests, what semioticians call its principle(s) of pertinence. Guzzetti stresses that his approach is shaped by the film itself, that it begins from the film's organization of the seen and the heard, that it is empirical. This presents the commentary as an accurate reflection of the whole film and makes the film itself responsible for the commentary. The standards and assumptions that shape the commentary are denied, as are the gaps and omissions inherent in any reading.

A commentary's distribution of attention to the various parts of the work in question is always an index of its values and assumptions. In Guzzetti's commentary, Sequences 8 (coffee-cup) and 12 (carwash) get far more attention than the other sequences, about one-fourth of the commentary as a whole. The first half of the film, Sequences 1-12, receives about twice as much attention as the second half, Sequences 13-18. Guzzetti is aware of this imbalance and addresses it in a four-page "Digression" following his commentary on Sequence 12.

> The service station scene is, in my view, one of the richest and most beautiful in the cinema. Its every detail of imagery, phrase, and construction is brilliantly imagined and executed. It not only succeeds in mobilizing, elaborating, and advancing the entire complex of events and ideas developed throughout the first half of the film, but does so with precision, economy, and inventiveness. It is a dazzling achievement.
>
> Even after many viewings, I cannot honestly say that I find anything that follows Sequence 12 remotely so good or interesting as it—or, for that matter, as a number of other sequences in the first half of the film. It appears that by this point the film has exhausted its repertoire of ideas and spent its energy. . . . On the whole, the second half of the film, despite many strong details, is thin, flat, and rather boring. Ideas often seem muddled, and the writing and direction are sometimes shapeless and hesitant. In short, with the end of Sequence 12, the film loses its sense of forward movement. (226)

One is surprised at the commentary's imbalance and at Guzzetti's explanation for it. Most traditions of commentary in other disciplines (literary study, art history) require one to deal with the whole text. If the text is worth commentary at all, the critic must comment on the entire work. No site of the signifier abandoned, says Barthes, admittedly an ideal. One is tempted to say that it is not works of art that run out of energy, but commentaries on them that do.

Guzzetti's explanation makes one realize that he is not so far from the other Harvard film critics as one at first supposed. He is committed to Godard's political films, he is interested in genuine cinematic modernism; above all he attempts to theorize his practice as commentator and thereby to lay open his method to the reader's scrutiny, making his criticism already, in part, a self-criticism. But behind this commentary, as behind the other Harvard Film Studies, stands the man of taste and judgment, telling us what is good and what is bad in works of art; what is boring, scintillating, dull, brilliant. The sign of this dispensation is above all *dividing up* the work, not to understand all of it, but to determine before analysis what is to be addressed and what is to be discarded. There are reasons and justifications but behind these stands, ultimately, the man. The merit of Guzzetti's book in this respect is to attempt a theoretical justification, necessarily doomed to fail, and thereby to call attention to the ideology involved.

> I have not hesitated to venture value judgments about many portions and aspects of the film. For example, I criticize Sequence 15 for being thin and tedious and praise Sequence 12 for its complexity and beauty . . . the basis of my critical remarks is the measurement of details against what I take to be the film's dominant and successful line. These issues coalesce around the judgment, which I make explicit in the section headed Digression, that what follows Sequence 12 is on the whole not so good as what precedes it. While I argue this judgment at some length—indeed, it is woven into the entire fabric of my analysis—I do not claim to justify the values on which it is based, for I believe this to be a major, separate, and largely theoretical task. (5-6)

Guzzetti's admission stops the discussion. If his justifications for his value judgments lie elsewhere, beyond our attention, they cannot be discussed.

Guzzetti shares with his colleagues a taste for philosophy; that is what he most often looks for in *Two or Three Things*. (His commentary had its roots in a 1971-72 study group that included Cavell and Rothman.) Sequence 8 and Sequence 12 are by far the most philosophical of the film; it is they that get the most

attention and it is their philosophical issues that are mainly discussed. That this gives the entire commentary a bias and excludes other modes of criticism is a truism; every mode of criticism does this. The error lies in presenting particular, partial criticism as general, universal criticism, in which case exclusions become banishments or suppressions. All the Harvard Film Studies do this. But methods of criticism and particularly, one supposes, philosophy, may miss the materiality of the film in favor of an idealized meaning. In his "Digression," Guzzetti puts together the philosophical questions his commentary is interested in with his sense of the film's "loss of energy" in its second half.

> In the first half of *2 ou 3 choses,* the sense of forward movement results from the struggle in one sequence toward defining a problem that is elaborated in a later one: the messages from the beyond, the possibility of talking together, *ensemble,* the barrier of subjectivity, the situation of the director, the nature of image and narrative, and so on. In Sequence 12 the summary text of Commentary 23 leads to a new perspective in a way that we recognize from the equally dense cafe scene, which at its conclusion promises an "apparition de la conscience." That promise, which the combination of text and image in 8.27-8.29 simultaneously fulfills and criticizes, is reformulated in Sequence 12, where (to put it schematically) the double meaning of the French word *conscience* becomes—or yields—the dichotomy *politique/poetique*. . . . [A]s the film unfolds from this point, it continues to back away: although Godard recognizes the compatibility of the *poetique* and the *politique* as problematical, he never addresses it in anything like the depth that he does, say, the problem of language or of talking together or of trying to imagine what the "apparition de la conscience" might be and look like. In other words, he never deals openly with the scene's incipient Marxism. (226-227)

It seems that Guzzetti is asking the wrong questions of the work. He expects it to answer the philosophic questions it poses and to solve the political problems it poses; therefore he is disappointed when the film fails to do this. Of course it is the latter half of the work that most bears his disapproval because it is there that the failures he perceives ripen and become definitive. If one sees the first half of a film as posing problems and if one treats it as a linear argument, then one will be disappointed with the second half, which fails to satisfy these expectations.

It seems to me that Godard does not resolve his philosophical puzzles with philosophy, but with cinema. As he speaks of isolation between people and of the need to break out of this, the film shows a series of shots of people immersed in their own solitudes in a cafe, yet aware of the others around. The coffee cup shots suggest a soliary absorption with oneself, although whose coffee cup this is—the young man's, Godard's, or the viewer's—is left ambiguous. Social ambiguities are also suggested: does she want me to speak to her?, Do I wish to speak to her?, Do I wish to speak to him?, Does he wish me to speak to him?, and: Is she a prostitute?, Do I want him for a customer or a friend, or a lover, or nothing? Toward the end of the sequence, the voice-over speaks of a rising of consciousness. Godard achieves this cinematically, not philosophically, by cutting to four fluid, somewhat repetitive shots of Juliette walking outside. Aided by Beethoven's String Quartet #16, the passage suggests a rising up out of the coffee cup and the isolation/immobility of the cafe into motion, space, joy. Even if that too is solitary, the sense of emergence into the world from the prison of the self, and into clarity from ambiguity, is achieved strikingly. The passage always works as cinema; its philosophic problem remains unresolved. Likewise the film's political problem: it does not pose and then fail to answer a question, it poses the wrong question throughout by seeking a politics based on *conscience* alone. Such, in any case, is the perspective of Godard's later films.

Although his subject is one of the most written-about of film-makers, and *Two or Three Things* one of his most discussed films, Guzzetti includes no bibliography. He occasionally cites a previous Godard critic like Richard Roud, but only to borrow a Godard quote not for a judgment or analysis. As noted, William Rothman also ignores previous writers on Hitchcock. He too has no bibliography, either on Hitchcock generally or on the five films he discusses.

There is less material on romantic comedy than on Godard and Hitchcock, but there is some and Cavell cites almost none of it. Of course he has no bibliography. Mainly Cavell cites himself; his book is studded with references to his other books and articles—in the body of the text and in asterisked material at the bottom of the page, some of it quite exten-

sive. The index to *The Pursuits of Happiness* includes 19 references to Stanley Cavell, but I counted 45 references to his other works in the book. Rothman and Guzzetti both cite Cavell frequently in the body of their texts and in notes; they also cite each other.

This system of references combined with the striking absence of references to other writers suggests that prior film criticism is not to be taken seriously. In effect, it denies the existence of film study as a field. The Harvard Film Studies act out a myth of the birth of film criticism. Little or no prior work is worthy; the true word, film criticism itself, begins now with these books.

NOTES

1. "North by Northwest, in *Critical Inquiry*, Volume 7, Number 4 (Summer 1981), p. 776.

2. *Film Quarterly*, Vol. XXV, No. 4 (Summer 1972), pp. 28-29.

3. *Quarterly Review of Film Studies*, Volume 1, Number 2 (May 1976), p. 139, notes 4 and 12. The latter says: "This 'philosophical authority' is, of course, not guaranteed by Merleau-Ponty's credentials as a professional academic philosopher of high standing. On the basis of Merleau-Ponty's prose, I am convinced of his understanding of what the practice of philosophy has been, historically, and convinced that his work in turn occupies a significant place in the history of philosophy. The only major American writer on film who has a comparable relationship to philosophy is Stanley Cavell."

4. *The New Republic*, February 17, 1982, p. 27.

OUR ANNUAL ROUND-UP . . .

All the Year's Film Books

FOUR BOOKS ON THE HOLLYWOOD MUSICAL

The Hollywood Musical, by Clive Hirschhorn. New York: Crown, $30.
Hollywood Musicals, by Ted Sennett. New York: Harry N. Abrams, $50.
The Hollywood Musical, by Ethan Mordden. New York: St. Martin's Press, $15.95.
Genre: The Musical, edited by Rick Altman. London & Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul (BFI Readers in Film Studies), $19.95 cloth, $9.95 paper.

If the musical has nearly been vanquished as a popular form by the increasing subdivision of its audience into separate classes, age groups, and ethnic interests, these four books on the subject which nostalgically chart its heyday are similarly compartmentalized and exclusive. It seems inevitable that each of these four elegant receptacles for the most libidinal of American movie genres should address a different portion of our psyches: after all, if our society and minds are splintered, why shouldn't our integral genres be as well?

The glib marketing strategies that aim each book at a somewhat different audience create the odd social effect of four high-rises, each constructed inside a separate ghetto—although the attractive coffee table books of Clive Hirschhorn and Ted Sennett might also be regarded with some justice as adjacent towers on somewhere like Sutton Place. The former—by describing in detail 1,344 musicals (a longish paragraph devoted to each) which are listed year by year, then cross-indexed by titles, songs, performers, composers, lyricists, and other creative personnel—is an indispensable reference tool, and, as far as I know, the best of its kind. The latter is of interest chiefly for its beautifully reproduced stills and frame enlargements, many of them in full color—making this book the only pure luxury item in the bunch. Sennett's critical-survey text, while serviceable and pleasant enough, can't really compete with the dazzling illustrations, which can only be gaped at or mooned over. (Beneath a big color image of the climax of Carmen Miranda's "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat" number in the 1943 *The Gang's All Here*—with the star wedged under an expanding thirty-foot cascade of bananas and flanked on each side by an army of gigantic, Magritte-like strawberries—is a caption that can only rationalize delirium with production anecdotes, amusing yet secondary.)

It's hard to think of two better books about the musical than Ethan Mordden's and Rick Altman's; why, then, are they so completely at loggerheads with one another? Mordden's fund of facts about the musical is encyclopedic, vast, intelligent, and usually on display like

sive. The index to *The Pursuits of Happiness* includes 19 references to Stanley Cavell, but I counted 45 references to his other works in the book. Rothman and Guzzetti both cite Cavell frequently in the body of their texts and in notes; they also cite each other.

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Genre: The Musical, edited by Rick Altman. London & Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul (BFI Readers in Film Studies), $19.95 cloth, $9.95 paper.

If the musical has nearly been vanquished as a popular form by the increasing subdivision of its audience into separate classes, age groups, and ethnic interests, these four books on the subject which nostalgically chart its heyday are similarly compartmentalized and exclusive. It seems inevitable that each of these four elegant receptacles for the most libidinal of American movie genres should address a different portion of our psyches: after all, if our society and minds are splintered, why shouldn't our integral genres be as well?

The glib marketing strategies that aim each book at a somewhat different audience create the odd social effect of four high-rises, each constructed inside a separate ghetto—although the attractive coffee table books of Clive Hirschhorn and Ted Sennett might also be regarded with some justice as adjacent towers on somewhere like Sutton Place. The former—by describing in detail 1,344 musicals (a longish paragraph devoted to each) which are listed year by year, then cross-indexed by titles, songs, performers, composers, lyricists, and other creative personnel—is an indispensable reference tool, and, as far as I know, the best of its kind. The latter is of interest chiefly for its beautifully reproduced stills and frame enlargements, many of them in full color—making this book the only pure luxury item in the bunch. Sennett's critical-survey text, while serviceable and pleasant enough, can't really compete with the dazzling illustrations, which can only be gaped at or mooned over. (Beneath a big color image of the climax of Carmen Miranda's "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat" number in the 1943 *The Gang's All Here*—with the star wedged under an expanding thirty-foot cascade of bananas and flanked on each side by an army of gigantic, Magritte-like strawberries—is a caption that can only rationalize delirium with production anecdotes, amusing yet secondary.)

It's hard to think of two better books about the musical than Ethan Mordden's and Rick Altman's; why, then, are they so completely at loggerheads with one another? Mordden's fund of facts about the musical is encyclopedic, vast, intelligent, and usually on display like

an Afghan hound; he doesn't mind letting you know that he knows such things as how they say "supercalifragilisticexpialidocious" in the German-dubbed versions of *Mary Poppins.* Much more importantly, a sensitivity for and technical grasp of the *music* in musicals virtually places him in a class by himself. His overall command of information is awesome, yet on a stylistic level of aspiration he often seems to aim at the consistency of chatter rather than of sustained thought—a deadly trait shared at times by writers such as Stephen Harvey and Vito Russo, predicated on the cynical assumption that, existentially speaking, nothing is important enough to be extended beyond the boundaries of a wisecrack or pithy paragraph. "A string of pearls without a string" is how Eisenstein once described the great Russian formalist Viktor Shklovsky, but a single page of Mordden is often little more than a sack of brightly colored jelly beans: "Lawrence Tibbett invaded a song, John Boles comforted it. Chevalier attended it as if it were a party in his honor."

At its best, in the short run, this is like the celebrated form of one-shot skeet-shooting practiced by writers like James Agee and Arlene Croce in their reviews and essays. At its worst, particularly over the long haul, it can trivialize its own claims for seriousness with its virtual enslavement to a bantering tone that places everything on the same level of nonimportance. ("How is *Hallelujah* patronizing? True, it doesn't show us any white oppressors. But you can't have everything." Apparently you can't in prose, either.) The culmination of both strains in Mordden's writing can be found in The Ethan Mordden Hall of Fame and Disrepute that comes at the end, after a useful discography and bibliography—a jokey, self-indulgent and campier version of Andrew Sarris's Pantheon exercises that offers us such gold-plated prizes as "Most Daring Studio" (Paramount), "Least Faithful Adaptation from Broadway" (the 1938 *Sally, Irene and Mary*), "Best Editing" (*All That Jazz*), "Best Argument from the Right" (*The Wizard of Oz*) and "Fernando Lamas Award for Best Male Singer Born in Argentina Who Appeared in *Four Jills and a Jeep*" (Dick Haymes).

If Mordden singles out *The Band Wagon* as the "Worst Celebrated Film," his short paragraph on the film in the main text begins to explain why:

> A back-stager without the slightest taste of the theatre, it was fashioned by Minnelli, Comden and Green, all stage veterans who should know better, using Schwartz and Dietz standards. The score is great and "The Girl Hunt Ballet," a Mickey Spillane takeoff for Astaire and Cyd Charisse, amusing. But the story is tired, the attempted burlesque of "serious" musicals rude, Oscar Levant atrocious, and Jack Buchanan as uncharming as when he marred *Monte Carlo* back in 1930.

But apart from telling us why Ethan Mordden doesn't like *The Band Wagon*—which may or may not be meaningful in a separate context—the actual information or insight conveyed in such a summary is surprisingly meager.

Among the references to *The Band Wagon* in the index to the Altman anthology are some insightful remarks about the film by Thomas Elsaesser (in a first-rate 1970 post-auteurist study of Minnelli drawn from the *Brighton Film Review*), a passing but pointed observation by Alain Masson about the film's functional uses of nonrealism (in the midst of a brilliant, perverse and semi-persuasive defense of George Sidney translated from *Positif*), some brief reflections on the validation of entertainment versus art from Robin Wood in *Film Comment,* and some detailed psychoanalytical annotations from Dennis Giles in *Movie.* There's also a fascinating and original argument by Alan Williams, written expressly for this volume, about the functions of sound recording in the illusionism of musicals, with Fred Astaire's delivery of the film's opening number used as a central example; Jane Feuer, in a *Quarterly Review of Film Studies* article, uses the film to illustrate myths about entertainment (involving spontaneity, integration and the audience) that crop up in self-reflective musicals; and Martin Sutton, in another original essay, reflects on the movie's narrative patterns involving isolation (e.g., "By Myself," Astaire's opening number) and group acceptance (e.g., "That's Entertainment").

"That's *entertainment*?" I can hear some of my anti-intellectual, musical-buff colleagues skeptically declaring, upon being faced with the diverse investigations of the Altman anthology. All I can say is, *I* was entertained much of the time—believing, as I firmly do, that entertainment and enlightenment are ideally (if often deviously) interconnected. (As bathtub reading, I would argue that the Mordden and Altman score about equally.) As Alan

Williams notes, "Some of the *pleasure* given by musical numbers might actually be something closer to *pseudo-bliss,* since the effect, so subtle as to pass generally unperceived, is an implicit loss of coherence of the sustained spectator." One could almost say that the critical prose of Mordden, Croce and Kael also implies a loss of coherence through its absence of sustained theory or argument; in this respect, it seems that the musical and this kind of prose are both predicated on the puritanical assumption that pleasure and intelligence (or analysis) are incompatible bedfellows.

Consequently, in the world of these latter writers, the diverse achievements of the authors of the Altman anthology don't even deserve to be dismissed; instead they are systematically ignored. Thus it seems only logical that in a recent roundup review in *The New Yorker,* Arlene Croce decried the relative absence of intelligent writing about the musical—rightly pointing to the Mordden as a prize catch—while steadfastly refusing to acknowledge the existence of the Altman book, or any related academic endeavors. It may not be irrelevant to add that Altman's book takes a swipe at Croce in turn, in its generally useful bibliography by Jane Feuer, when it refers to her classic book on Astaire and Rogers as "a witty and elegant though superficial analysis." (Alas, the respective professional armor of the journalist and the academic is stronger in both these cases than any sense of allegiance to the unaffiliated reader looking for a good intelligent text on a subject. Croce and Feuer are both witty writers, as it happens, who happen to be answerable to what amounts to rival cults.)

The best so far of the BFI Readers in Film Studies, *Genre: The Musical* is full of interesting ideas about its subject, and fully deserves a place on my shelf right next to Mordden's book. Especially helpful are the remarks by Williams and Feuer about the manner in which musicals, to paraphrase Rick Altman, mobilize radical techniques for conservative purposes. When Richard Dyer remarks, in one of the best essays, that entertainment presents what utopia feels like rather than how it would be organized, he's merely touching upon the existence of a social and ideological structure that most journalists would rather adopt (or adapt) than acknowledge, analyze or contest. Characteristic of this mode is Mordden's show-bizzy gloss on W. Franklyn Moshier's *The Alice Faye Book* in his own bibliography:

> Faye and her films are basic to the musical both historically and today on television, and serious students should put some time in here. A good start: turn to page 98 for a still of what Moshier captions as the "distinctive Faye pose." Try striking this pose yourself, if possible in one of Faye's costumes. How do you feel?

If Mordden's bibliography and Feuer's went out on a blind date, it is difficult to imagine all the comic complications that might ensue. Set those collisions and accommodations to music, and you might even have a hit on your hands. In the meantime, within the mutually exclusive environments fostered by these four books, there is plenty of value to be found in each one. It all depends on what you're looking for, how you feel, and who you are.

—JONATHAN ROSENBAUM

KENJI MIZOGUCHI
A Guide to References and Resources

By Dudley and Paul Andrew. Boston: G. K. Hall, 1981. $35.00.

Film scholar Dudley Andrew and his therapist brother Paul have taken on the complex task of presenting the art and personality of Kenji Mizoguchi with thoroughness, modesty and gusto. The life of this prolific and contradictory Japanese film director has over the years been the subject of at least one film, hommages the world over, countless diatribes, and reams of petty gossip. The Andrew brothers have approached this cacophony with caution, recording and drawing from a wealth of sources for their biographical and critical essays, annotated filmography and outstanding bibliography—the reason this book exists, for the purpose of its publisher G. K. Hall is to provide such reference materials.

This book is doubly welcome in that it avoids the commonest pitfall of the Mizoguchi critique since the early *Cahiers du cinéma* encomiums of the fifties. There has long been a tendency among biographers and reviewers of Mizoguchi to elevate him as a fierce radical crusading for such causes as true cinematic values, or women's rights or freedom of expression for the artist. The opposite side condemns him as a stylistic reactionary, a self-avowed exploiter of women, a slave of political and commercial fashion, and a vicious and

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inarticulate director to work with. The Andrew brothers without taking sides present evidence that all of the above are true, but for their own part they make no more polemical statements than the assertion that something about Mizoguchi persists throughout history.

They do, however, offer a new and curious interpretation of Mizoguchi's portrayal of women, which is always the source of lively argument. They make sense of his ambivalence by diagnosing a split in his approach between the period films and the contemporary dramas. In the former they perceive that the female protagonist appears as a spiritual model for the artist, whose role is to preserve and "suffer for an idea of culture that the film valorizes in the end" (p. 28). But in the contemporary dramas, they claim, "such nobility of purpose is no longer so appropriate," and the spirit of anti-male revolt, through which all women will be aided, assumes primary importance. The authors conclude that Mizoguchi's women thus "embody the two great functions [he] prized all his life, personal revolt and artistic vision."

Several assumptions seem to be at work in this line of reasoning, and the films themselves can just as easily call them into question as support them. It remains to be demonstrated that suffering is a necessary part of either artistry or womanhood. The suffering artist is in fact very much a Western post-industrial notion which has been successfully imposed upon the woodblock print artists, such as Mizoguchi's film subject Utamaro, by Westerners infatuated with this popular form—never considered by the Japanese themselves to be high art.

The suffering of women, however, does qualify as "an idea of culture that the film valorizes in the end." This is one of the most disturbing aspects of Mizoguchi's work, for the "idea of culture" is that men will survive, succeed and be redeemed through the suffering of women. Both late nineteenth-century magician Taki no Shiraito and classical Chinese princess Yang Kwei-fei lose their lives for the men they love, but they are fulfilled by their lovers' full recognition of their sacrifice. Unlike the artists to whom they are compared, however, they are not consciously preserving culture; their interests are in an individual man repaying their love beyond the grave. That their actions valorize a culture of male success through guilt over female sacrifice is an effect, rather, of the film-maker's choice to glorify their suffering.

In this sense the period films by Mizoguchi do not appear to differ greatly from the contemporary dramas. He transforms the feudal-era bawd Oharu into a fragile aristocrat sold into prostitution by her father, but he also shows the Osaka telephone operator Ayako embarking on a life of equal degradation in order to keep her father out of jail. Caught with her samurai lover, Oharu bristles at the disrespectful treatment she receives, but her self-assertion accomplishes no more than does Ayako's complaint that she has been wronged by society. The rebellious outbursts of modern girls like Omocha in *Sisters of the Gion* or the feisty whore played by Kinuyo Tanaka in *Women of the Night* share the same poignancy as Oharu's uncontrollable decline and the escape of the young wife from a bitter and loveless marriage in *A Story from Chikamatsu.* It is not so much that contemporary culture warrants no preservation as that traditional culture persists in the Mizoguchi film. The same values encourage or force his heroines of all eras to suffer and to sacrifice themselves for the men, the artists, who canonize them for it.

The frustrations that occur in making use of this book almost all arise directly from its format, which is undoubtedly not the fault of the authors but a prescription of the publisher. Technical and historical terms such as "shinpa-style" "tendency film" and "Meiji-era" or "-style" are not explained the first time they appear, and there is no glossary or index to aid in defining them. Some of these terms receive no definition until the second "Critical Survey" section of the book. The bibliography is as thorough as any can be on the work of a director who is being discussed in print constantly, and the annotations are useful. The filmographies are likewise remarkably thorough and also provide occasional historical notes on pertinent effects of or on the films. Ideograph appendices and other valuable reference tables abound, but most unfortunately there are no footnotes to the text, and no illustrations for the engaging accounts of the films. This format and such editorial assumptions as the reference to cinematographer Kazuo Miyagawa by surname only (page 17), and the consistent failure to translate sums in yen into dollar equivalents, make the book somewhat difficult to use for the uninitiated in Japanese cinema history.

Nevertheless, the authors themselves must be held responsible for errors and deficiencies of observation. These are few. A tobacco pipe is described as "an opium pipe" (p. 37) and conversely, the Japanese are given full credit for a Chinese landscape-painting tradition: the inclusion of small human figures responding to the scenery (p. 39). It may be a bit hasty to describe Kinuyo Tanaka as an actress who became a "successful director" (p. 20). Hers is more like Ida Lupino's "success" as a director than it is like Orson Welles's. Similarly, there may be some doubt as to whether Masaichi Nagata, a producer whom Japanese film authority Donald Richie has likened to Louis B. Mayer, was as much an "old friend" (p. 18) as he was an exploiter of directors like Mizoguchi.

There can be no argument that Mizoguchi is a unique phenomenon in the history of world cinema, but the authors tend to overzealousness in ascribing some shared traits solely to him. His World War II film *The Loyal 47 Ronin,* for example, is described as "not conventional propaganda for the wartime government" because it included no images of violence (p. 25). It would indeed have appeared unconventional in the context of American or other World War II films, but not so much so in Japan. Most Japanese war films of this period reveal little violence, perhaps because there were so few "enemies" other than a handful of resident Germans who could be recruited as film adversaries. The films seem to concentrate on coping with separation from family and friends, and preparing for death, a context into which the *47 Ronin* fits superbly well.

The assertion that "no other Japanese filmmaker has been more enthralled by stage production of all sorts or has tried to incorporate so many elements of the theater within his films" (p. 31) is a clear case of overenthusiasm. Surely Akira Kurosawa is not to be passed over for his Shakespeare, Noh, Kabuki, and Maxim Gorki adaptations? Or the several younger directors who emerged from and refer to the contemporary theater such as Nagisa Oshima and Shuji Terayama, or Masahiro Shinoda, who has adapted both Kabuki and Bunraku puppet theater for the screen?

But some excess of enthusiasm is certainly forgivable with a subject as intriguing as Mizoguchi. The Andrew brothers have succeeded in an endeavor of overwhelming scope, and the clarity and thoroughness of their presentation make this an essential English-language reference to have at hand not only for the close study of their immediate subject, but for Japanese cinema as a whole. If they do not pass artistic judgment on individual works and dwell on minor films such as *Utamaro and His Five Women,* this is in pursuit of the goal of introducing the man behind the films, which they have accomplished with grace and ease.

—AUDIE BOCK

THEORIES OF AUTHORSHIP: A READER

Edited by John Caughie. Routledge & Kegan Paul, Ayer Bldg., Lawrence, MA 08143, $28.00, 1981.

Now that auteurism no longer sets off virulent polemics, it has become easier to attempt a lucid evaluation of its strengths and weaknesses. John Caughie's critical anthology *is* that evaluation, but it is also something more. His goal, as the title hints, is to situate the auteurist debate within a broader continuum including what preceded the debate—theories of authorship in literature—and what ensued from it—the Marxist and semiotic critique of some of auteurism's underlying assumptions.

Part One ("Auteurism") is subdivided into "Auteurism in Theory"; "The Theory in Practice"; and a "Dossier on John Ford." "Auteurism in Theory" begins, appropriately enough, with Meyer Abrams's "Literature as the Revelation of Personality," whereby Caughie places auteurism within the romantic tradition of "expressive" views of artistic creation. "The Theory in Practice" surveys the auteur theory as it developed in the pages of *Cahiers du Cinéma* and was subsequently transplanted to England (*Movie*) and the United States (Sarris and his acolytes). Caughie's selection is judicious and intelligent, although one regrets the briefness of the passages quoted from Truffaut's "A Certain Tendency of the French Cinema" and Bazin's "La Politique des Auteurs" (both excerpted to the point of virtual disappearance) and the absence of Pauline Kael's lively "Circles and Squares." The "Dossier on John Ford," finally, makes that director a test case for the application of a whole spectrum of auteurist approaches (from Lindsay Anderson to Jean-Louis Comolli), plotting the trajectory by which "Ford of the Movies" becomes 'Ford' as

Nevertheless, the authors themselves must be held responsible for errors and deficiencies of observation. These are few. A tobacco pipe is described as "an opium pipe" (p. 37) and conversely, the Japanese are given full credit for a Chinese landscape-painting tradition: the inclusion of small human figures responding to the scenery (p. 39). It may be a bit hasty to describe Kinuyo Tanaka as an actress who became a "successful director" (p. 20). Hers is more like Ida Lupino's "success" as a director than it is like Orson Welles's. Similarly, there may be some doubt as to whether Masaichi Nagata, a producer whom Japanese film authority Donald Richie has likened to Louis B. Mayer, was as much an "old friend" (p. 18) as he was an exploiter of directors like Mizoguchi.

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a "functioning look in the geography of textual authority."

Part Two of *Theories of Authorship* charts in greater detail the mutation of auteurism into "Auteur-Structuralism," with contributions from Lévi-Strauss, Peter Wollen, Brian Henderson, and Pierre Macheray. Caughie traces structuralism's appeal to its "look of scientificity," its way of reflecting the brilliance of linguistics as the twentieth century's great methodological success story. Caughie warns, however, against an apolitical "reductionist" structuralism, opting for a structuralism which he describes as "dynamic" and "materialist."

Part Three ("Fiction of the Author/Author of the Fiction"), the most polemical portion of the book, is likely to be denounced as hermetic and mystifying by some and hailed as brilliant and dialectical by others. Here, Caughie brings theoretically sophisticated recent criticism (Roland Barthes, Stephen Heath, Christian Metz, Sandy Flitterman, Pam Cook, Michel Foucault) to bear on the question of the author. Both Barthes and Foucault discourse eloquently on the "Death of the Author"—the skeptic in one recalls that both sign their articles and presumably their royalty checks—and the corollary Birth of the Reader (Barthes) and a future "pervasive anonymity" of Discourse (Foucault). The film author, as a consequence, shifts from being the source of the text to becoming merely a term in the process of reading and spectating. This shift involves two phases: (1) the linguistically informed exploration of the conventions by which films signify: and (2) the psychoanalytically informed discussion of the place of the subject (author and spectator) within the film.

Theories of Authorship demonstrates a generosity toward adversary critics that Caughie's membership on the editorial board of *Screen* would not necessarily lead one to expect. Rather than perform a hatchet job on auteurism or on individual critics, Caughie grants even the least rigorous critics their due. Robin Wood, a frequent antagonist of *Screen,* is gently described not as a retrograde humanist but as the exemplar of a "held position." Even discounting an element of euphemistic damning by faint praise, Caughie generally avoids all snideness. Andrew Sarris, *bête noire* of Marxist and semiotic critics alike, is credited with advancing methodology by constructing authorial personalities out of the "tensions and gaps in the text." At the same time, Caughie scores Sarris's mania for comparative evaluation—Sarris cannot speak of apples or oranges, Beethoven or Mozart, without pitting one against the other—as his most "identifiable and regressive trait."

Caughie credits auteurism with winning for the film artist the same status traditionally accorded other artists, but he faults it for formulating this long overdue recognition in such a way as to make the cinema the last outpost of a romanticism discarded by the other arts. Auteurism, for Caughie, simply poured the cinema into the mould provided by the romantic aesthetic. At the same time, however, its search for a coherent methodology opened film studies to more advanced critical grids: Marxist, semiotic, psychoanalytic. In practical terms, it rescued whole genres—the thriller, the western, the horror film—from the literary high-art prejudice against them, and forced precise attention to the films themselves and to mise-en-scène as the stylistic signature of the director.

Theories of Authorship is not vapidly pluralist; it does not simply display critical wares in a free-market theoretical Gimbels. While presenting the auteurist position fairly, Caughie himself surely sides with the view of the text as a "structured play of forces, relations, discourses" rather than as the site of a final unified meaning authorized by the individual genius of its source. But rather than browbeat, he nudges the reader gently and persuasively toward his position. He defends certain auteurist assumptions—for example the idea of directorial consistency over time—but he does not fetishize this consistency as the glorious effluvium of "personality." Instead he subsumes the question of the author under larger questions of class, ideology, and discourse, calling ultimately for a critical synthesis of semiotics (theory of textual production), dialectical materialism (theory of the social and historical subject) and psychoanalysis (theory of the unconscious subject). In the end, we are left with a positive yet critical view of auteurism, grateful for its achievements but wary of its pitfalls and aware of its limitations.

Caughie is also fairly charitable to the uninitiated reader. The prose itself recapitulates the theoretical developments, moving from the clear and familiar to the more complex and abstract as Caughie's chameleon style takes

on the colors of the essays under discussion. He gradually initiates the reader into the more arduous language and concepts; he invites us to wade slowly into the semiotic sea rather than prod us into a quick forbidding plunge. Caughie is, in sum, an informed, impartial, and considerate guide through the critical labyrynth.

—ROBERT STAM

THE BRECHTIAN ASPECT OF RADICAL CINEMA
Essays by Martin Walsh

Edited by and with introduction by Keith M. Griffiths. British Film Institute, 1981. Available from NY Zoetrope, $14.50.

This new volume published by the BFI is a collection of essays written by Martin Walsh in the seventies for a variety of film journals including *JumpCut, Camera Obscura, Take One, Screen* and *After Image.* Walsh's untimely death in 1977 in a bicycling accident did not allow him to connect these essays into a coherent unit. However, Keith Griffiths's project of assembling these pieces seems to have been well-founded as attests an outline found in Walsh's papers and included here. The series of articles has then been given some kind of flow and thesis.

That thesis is one which has been explored by a number of writers in the sixties and seventies concerning the applicability of Brechtian thought to cinematic praxis. It is well-summarized by Walsh in the lead essay, "The Complex Seer: Brecht and the Film," in which he delineates carefully four areas of investigation which pertain to Brecht's involvement with film. The first is Brecht's use of cinema within the theatrical performance context, the second, Brecht's own unhappy experiences with cinematic practice (i.e., the *Three Penny Opera* lawsuits, etc.). The third is the link made by Brecht between Chaplin and Eisenstein and the final is that which would explore how contemporary film-makers have consciously attempted to bring to film the different theories Brecht had discussed in terms of theater.

It is clearly the last of these which Walsh seems to favor as exemplified in the rest of the collection. Brecht's emphasis on an active spectator with a concept of process in mind is analyzed extensively in the work of Jean-Marie Straub and Daniele Huillet. Four articles are devoted to their work and form the central core of the book. Indeed, Walsh's book must not only serve the cause of Brechtianism, but that of expanding upon the out-of-date Richard Roud monograph on Straub/Huillet. Three other essays are included: an analysis of humor in Medvedkin's *Happiness,* a lengthy review of Losey's production of Brecht's *Galileo* for the American Film Theater, and an edited transcript of conversations with Jean-Pierre Gorin recorded in 1974.

Brecht's theories are not without their own contradictions, yet their rallying point is that of a concept of "alienation" or "distanciation." It is Brecht's hope to fashion a new theater where spectators are not hidden within the security of their seats, but one where those spectators are confronted with intellectual concepts which relate to their own lives. Theater should no longer be a purely emotional process, but an intellectual process with a marked emphasis on the struggle ahead, social change, and the actual work of the actors. Walsh's project is to gauge to what extent these theories can be and have been applied to film.

Brecht's own attempts at making this change into another practice having failed, it is then up to another generation of "cultural workers" to make the transition. Walsh emphasizes that Brecht is not the only figure in this theorization, but that he must be seen in the overall context of the avant-garde movements of the twenties in both the Soviet Union and in Germany. It is Walsh's contention that repression in both countries led to a destruction of the movements so that while Medvedkin, Meyerhold, Dziga Vertov, Eisenstein and many others contributed to them, it is often Brecht who is now seen as the representative of the group. This position was also supported by *Cahiers du Cinéma* in the late sixties with special issues dealing at length with the whole of the Soviet avant-garde and by Jean-Luc Godard's formation of the Dziga Vertov group during the same period.

It is Straub/Huillet who characterize for Walsh the most patent conscious effort at implementing these theories in cinema. Not only have they and others discussed their films as specifically relating to Brecht, but *History Lessons* is directly based on a work by Brecht (*The Business Affairs of Mr. Julius Caesar*). The aesthetic of the long take, the frequent quotations and use of black leader, the insistence on direct sound recording, all are seen in

on the colors of the essays under discussion. He gradually initiates the reader into the more arduous language and concepts; he invites us to wade slowly into the semiotic sea rather than prod us into a quick forbidding plunge. Caughie is, in sum, an informed, impartial, and considerate guide through the critical labyrynth.

—ROBERT STAM

THE BRECHTIAN ASPECT OF RADICAL CINEMA
Essays by Martin Walsh

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Straub/Huillet's films as attempts to bring to the film spectator the same alienation effect sought by Brecht for the theater spectator.

Needless to say, such an uncompromising position by these film-makers has resulted in broad attacks from a number of directions. The classic distribution-exhibition structure does not recognize the validity of these films and often levels charges of incompetence at its creators (see Godard's statements on *Les Carabiniers* in *Godard on Godard*). The purely formalist avant-garde whose interests lie outside political concerns denounces the radical content and form of these films while continuing to support a myth of uncommitted artists. Political film-makers whose work stays at the level of content, rejecting the need for revolutionary form, dismiss them as individualistic experiments and raise charges of subjectivism, the same charges which were levelled at Eisenstein and which led to his forced abandonment of experimentation. But the line is unflagging. Walsh admits that Straub/Huillet's films, Schoenberg's music and Brecht's theater cannot be seen as "populist." In essence, the film-maker must not concede to dominant form simply because this form will allegedly reach more people.

It must also be said that the essays in this volume are readings of works which consciously see themselves within this Brechtian theoretical position. While many film reviews attempt to "save" certain films by invoking Brechtian theories, many of these attempts are but pandering to the concepts and in fact act as a co-optation of Brecht's very theories. Thus a need emerges for a constant shifting of actualization of these theories in relationship to dominant film-making.

The group of essays makes for pleasant reading. Walsh's style is accessible and his discussion of Brecht never too ephemeral. The only sour note, the price tag. People have mentioned the unusually high prices of the BFI series, which might be attributed to its distributor in the US. Whatever the reason, the $14.50 price tag seems a little steep.

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REALISM AND THE CINEMA

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Christopher Williams's critical anthology presents the writings of more than a score of critics and filmmakers—from Sergei Eisenstein to Jean-Louis Comolli—who have addressed themselves to the vexed question of cinematic realism. Although the book performs a real service by compiling a number of excellent articles, including many that had not been readily accessible to Anglo-American readers, and although Williams's commentary is not unintelligent, it is marred by serious problems of format and conception. The whirlwind tour of this challenging subject leaves the reader bewildered, feeling rather like a stranger lost in the suburbs of a sprawling megalopolis and desperately searching for a center.

The book's basic organizational map, first of all, is somewhat baffling. The title of the first chapter—"Realist Positions"—leads us to expect a contrasting "Anti-Realist Positions," but instead we are given "Discussions of Flaherty." The titles of the last two chapters —"Forms and Ideologies" and "Aesthetics and Technology"—seem hopelessly vague. Why, we wonder, are "Aesthetics and Technology" grouped together, and why at the end rather than the beginning of the book? The dizzying effect of this erratic itinerary is compounded by a constant shuttling back and forth in time—from a sixties *Cinethique* text to twenties Epstein, from thirties Grierson to the Soviet twenties—which induces a kind of temporal jetlag in the reader. Williams offers us neither straightforward chronology nor an intelligent mapping out of problematic terms such as: "realism," "naturalism," "illusionism," "critical realism," "socialist realism." Instead, the reader, more confused at the end than at the beginning, loses all sense of the intellectual topography.

At times *Realism and the Cinema* seems less an anthology than an essay in which the quoted passages are unusually lengthy. Since the typeface used for the quoted authors is irritatingly similar to that used for Williams's commentary, we often lose track of exactly who is speaking. The selections themselves seem somewhat arbitrary, and their length often bears little proportion to their relevance. Bazin's "William Wyler, or the Jansenist of Mise-en-

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Scène" is quoted at great length, but not "Ontology of the Photographic Image" or "The Evolution of Film Language."

There are other lacunae. Since the discussion of realism antedates the cinema, the book might usefully have included or at least cited such classic literary discussions of realism as Auerbach on "the representation of reality," Lukacs on "typicality," Jakobson on "progressive realism" and Barthes on the "reality-effect." The total absence of women writers, meanwhile, contributes to an atmosphere of Hawksian male camaraderie, as if both realism and film theory were exclusively masculine domains. Without proposing either tokenism or quotas, we can speculate that Suzanne Langer on film and dream, Constance Penley on "The Avant-Garde and its Imaginary," and Claire Johnston on "Womens' Cinema as Counter Cinema" would have been as relevant as most of the articles included. The absence of the work of Christian Metz, finally, both from his earlier "Bazinian" period of "On the Impression of Reality" and from the later *Language and Cinema,* seriously mars the anthology. The later work, especially, could take the discussion to a higher plane since it argues that all films—realist, anti-realist, fiction, documentary—are cinematically, esthetically, and culturally coded artifacts rather than simulacra of the real world.

The books's discussion of Brecht is similarly myopic. Williams laments that "Brecht did not have enough interest in film to think his ideas through very far." Brecht *did* think through his ideas on the theater, however, and those ideas inspired film-makers as diverse as Nagisa Oshima, Jean-Luc Godard, and Glauber Rocha, not to mention animated discussion in the pages of innumerable film journals. Williams accuses Brecht of taking "the traditional Marxist view that [cinema] is a drug, a permanent seduction of the working class away from their true interests"—a statement which simultaneously caricatures both Brecht and Marxism. In fact, Brecht had a lifelong enthusiasm for the cinema. He used film fragments within his theatrical presentations, and drew inspiration from Eisenstein and Chaplin in the formulation of his notions of epic theater. He scripted *Kühle Wampe* and certainly did not regard the cinema as intrinsically narcotic, although he might have regarded a *certain* cinema as functioning in that way. And the idea that Marxism is traditionally hostile to the cinema would come as a surprise to Lenin and Eisenstein, not to mention Pudovkin, Béla Balàzs, and Fidel Castro.

Despite these flaws, *Realism and the Cinema* is not without value. Many selections—Colin MacCabe on the classic realist text, Patrick Ogle on the technological supports of realism, Comolli on direct cinema—are brilliant and informative. And Williams himself offers valid insights along the way, even if that way itself perpetually threatens to detour into irrelevance. He makes a useful distinction between the naive realism of Grierson and Zavattini, who come close to denying conventions or pretending they do not exist, and the more sophisticated realists like Eisenstein, Vertov and Bazin who are aware of cinematic mediation. Both share a commitment to truth: "The most committed realists call on some idea of aesthetics; the anti-realists are anti-realist because they believe it is more truthful, in one sense or another, to be so."

Williams also rejects the simplistic equation, so fashionable in the late sixties, of "anti-illusionist" and "politically progressive," an equation that led to the bizarre leftist blessing of insufferable deconstructed bores like *Méditerranée* on the one hand and the reflexive pranks of Jerry Lewis on the other. He equally discards the obverse notion, argued by Roland Barthes and others, that realism, no matter how progressive its intentions, is irremediably bourgeois. (The case of the arch-mimeticist Balzac, from whom Marx learned more than from "all the historians, economists and statisticians put together," shows that realism is not necessarily reactionary, while reflexive self-mocking TV commercials demonstrate that anti-illusionism per se is not intrinsically progressive.) The question of realism and anti-realism, Williams points out, is not one of "strictly opposed polarities, glaring at each other across unfathomable aesthetic and political divides" but rather one of interpenetrating and mutually nourishing opposites. He also scores a certain pseudo-Brechtianism that equates distanciation with a lack of pleasure: "The pleasures that narrative provides need to be recognized, and indeed shifted toward the centre of discussion rather than deplored or condescended to."

Realism and the Cinema as a whole, unfortunately, does not maintain the level of its

best insights. The main problem derives from Williams's somewhat passive methodology: "The method of this book is to take a number of, I hope, fairly representative statements by filmmakers, critics and theoreticians, and to place them side by side so as to bring out their similarities and contradictions." This minimal montage of theories betrays the same mimetic fallacy criticized elsewhere in the book—the naive neorealist or *cinéma vérité* faith that one need only register phenomena in their diversity for the truth to emerge. This intellectual passivity is echoed by a weary and listless tone, as if the author himself were tired of pondering the issues raised. Our guide through the quagmires of cinematic realism, we come to suspect, is neither completely in control of his subject nor terribly excited about his chosen territory.

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FILM AND DREAMS
An Approach to Bergman

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Of all modern film-makers, Bergman is the most attuned to the dreamlife and related psychological phenomena, so it's not hard to imagine a whole book devoted to the dream aspects of his work. But this collection of essays, derivign from a 1978 conference at Harvard, actually has a number of different foci. In its pages a relatively hard-line Freudian interpretation of the dreams in *Wild Strawberries* (by Jacob Zelinger) can sit beside Allan Hobson's formulation, based on neurophysiological studies, which utterly denies all Freudian dream mechanisms in Bergman or in real dreams either. There are also several articles, such as Marsha Kinder's complex piece, tracing parallels between the different phases of dreaming sleep and film structures: in this case, the opening sequence of *Persona*. Other articles explore dreamlike aspects of one or another Bergman film. Also included are an account of an experiment at the conference by Dusan Makavejev, who spliced end to end a series of nonverbal sequences from Bergman films, and an acute explication of Makavejev's much maligned *Sweet Movie* by Stanley Cavell. There are even a couple of articles on insanity and psychopathology in Bergman.

This multi-ring intellectual circus is presided over by Vlada Petric through his opening lengthy essay, in which he surveys the entire historical trajectory of thinking about films and dreams, and describes how many different film-makers and schools have used dream-like film styles. It is clear, from the interest stirred up by Kinder's journal *Dreamworks*, that the issues here (for film and for other arts) are lively ones. What neither Petric's introduction nor any of the individual articles quite does, however, is to bring into sharp focus what I take to be the central issue in the new understandings of the dream process being urged by people like Hobson. Unless I misunderstand their position, these researchers have established that the neural machinery automatically throws up a mass of random, jumpy imagery. The "work" part of the dreamwork lies in the brain's effort to integrate this imagery into the semi-coherent patterns we actually experience subjectively. So far, however, there seems to be no workable theory of how this integrating process actually operates. It is easy, of course, to sympathize with Hobson's desire to escape the symbol-mythology and repression-spotting of Freudian interpretation. But it's one thing to say that somebody else's mechanism doesn't work, and quite another to propose a mechanism that does. One reason the matter is of electric interest to film people is that the process, whatever it is, must curiously parallel the work a film viewer does in integrating the material presented by successive shots, and not only in the dense montage context that Petric emphasizes. We know that viewers must learn to "read" the conventions by which film-makers link disparate shots. It may be that we also have to learn to dream. The problem is probably more difficult than the dramatic-explication problem Freud and his followers took it to be. But pretending it's solved, or isn't there, will not profit us much.

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TOWARD A STRUCTURAL PSYCHOLOGY OF CINEMA

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Carroll's study takes as its object "classical narrative film" and seeks to determine whether a transformational-generative cinema grammar can be derived that will account for acceptable (or "filmic") scenes in classical films comparable to acceptable utterances in a spoken language. His derivation centers entirely around the organization of shots within sequences, or what Metz would call a syntagma. It involves, essentially, translating the rules of classic continuity editing into the symbol system of TGG. As such it would allow for the derivation of *any* acceptable syntagma rather than the (often difficult) classification of syntagmas into limited types, as in Metz, and although Carroll is on the road to achieving this end, he is still far from conclusively demonstrating its significance as an alternative worth pursuing. The properties and even existence of the diegesis as an imaginary and coherent realm escape his grammar, for example, which takes it on faith that successive shots will remain bound by the specific coding rules of a given diegetic realm. This, however, is not a matter of faith but enunciation, and as such in need of attention. His TGG would apply wherever continuity editing applies, in documentary or avant-garde films, for example, and like Metz's syntagmatique, contributes minimally to the study of narrative per se.

Nonetheless, Carroll's grammar does function as a tentative, and partial, but operative grammar. Most interestingly, he cites empirical studies that strongly suggest that grammatically derived units of meaning correspond to the segmentation assigned to a text by a viewer. (These units, again, being essentially those posited by continuity editing "grammar" as well: actions and events rendered with plausibility and coherence.) Carroll also goes on to suggest an interesting link between aesthetic pleasure and the relation of surface and deep structure grammatically, and to posit that some language universals like "Coordination Reduction" have their equivalents in the cinema, thereby suggesting that such universals are not language specific, at least in the traditional sense of the term. As a result Carroll believes film study can contribute to a basic understanding of human intelligence, a gratifying belief, if only he did not, like the Leavis-oriented auteurists, defend film for its place within a grander scheme in such a way that a vast range of cinematic possibility winds up beyond the pale.

And a grammatical pale leaves much beyond it. Still, it can be defended in its own terms and for what it suggests, and Carroll is quite adept at self-defense. However, he damages his own argument most severely by beginning with two chapters that dismiss virtually all existing film theory as misinformed and inadequate. The tone is belligerent and the prose singsong; it scarcely prepares the reader for what Carroll, with increasing candor, admits is not a grand solution but a tentative beginning. His book ignores currently prevalent lines of study, and instead calls for the incorporation of Chomskyian linguistics and perceptual psychology into cinema study. As such it makes a welcome gesture toward broadening the already wide and eclectic horizon of film scholarship to include two additional fields of study that clearly have something to offer. —BILL NICHOLS

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By the very nature of her topic, she is dealing with a very mixed bags of hacks and talents, and not to avoid the most famous case, a cultural situation where Joseph Mankiewicz was lecturing Scott Fitzgerald on prose style. The intellectual limitations of some of her heroes are not always clear to Schwartz. (For what she presumes about her *reader,* see the peculiar identifications of P. G. Wodehouse, pp. 105-6, and of Sidney Hook, p. 268). In the interviews and other quotations, one soon notices the quite exceptional respect for the language paid by only a few of her characters: Dorothy Parker, Westbrook Pegler, Abraham Lincoln (one beacon-like sentence in a rightwing manifesto).

Let me cite one case where feckless judgment makes Schwartz miss the whole point of her own story. Since her main sources and heroes are all patriarchal literary males, she misses, because they never told her, the vital point that as late as the thirties scriptwriting in the industry was considered one of the female craft preserves, like editing. (Because at the time the film audience was thought female-dominated.)

In her misunderstanding of this sexual politics and of the status of the male scenarist, Schwartz manages on one page to be fatuous and malinformed on nearly every key woman scriptwriter of the industry. (Because apparently they voted the wrong way in the early union elections?) Schwartz doesn't know that Frances Marion was the first "Ben Hecht"—though she makes, to dispose of Marion, a charge that seems likelier about Hecht—nor that Anita Loos was the first "Donald Ogden Stewart" or if you wish "Peter Stone." Bess Meredyth, "another hangover from the silent days," is disposable because she wrote *Ben Hur,* as peculiar a charge (outside Schwartz's *Way-We-Were* social word) as complaining about Leigh Brackett's writing *The Empire Strikes Back.* And all this irony from a college tot who happened to have good connections in the industry, and whose total script credits seem to be four scripts for "Wheels" (TV)! But she worked hard, she wrote a well-paced book and she is sometimes as candid as Laurie Colwin. Go get 'em, Tiger. —J. M. PURCELL

THE HOLLYWOOD SOCIAL PROBLEM FILM

By Peter Roffman and Jim Purdy. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1981. $25 cloth; $12.95 paper.

The social problem film is interestingly and thoroughly discussed by Roffman and Purdy from historical, political, and cultural perspectives. But as Andrew Sarris would say, the authors are more interested in film as history than the history of film. This is not to suggest that *The Hollywood Social Problem Film* is not useful to film scholars as well as historians. The authors discuss a host of subjects that are worthy of our interest: the individual as victim during the early Depression, Hollywood's depiction of fascism during World War II, postwar disillusionment, the impact of McCarthyism on American cinema. Yet we are inundated with historical material, as the films become less and less distinguishable from each other. However, the authors are still able to make this topic come to life. They reveal the ways in which hundreds of films reinforced traditional beliefs, dreams, and myths. And they explain that there were very few radical or experimental films which initiated societal change. Rather, these films mirrored the various political cycles that were already taking place. —BILL DESOWITZ

HOLLYWOOD FILM GENRES

By Thomas Schatz. New York: Random House, 1981.

Schatz has constructed a sensible and readable defense of the formula system, evidently intended as a textbook. After some introductory remarks about the dominance of genre in commercial film-making, he examines the social significance of the traditional genre plot structures (without raising any particularly enticing ideo-

logical hares) and then proceeds to a tour of the major genres: Western, gangster, detective, screwball comedy, musical, and family melodrama. Many penetrating observations are scattered throughout the text, and although the volume produces no overwhelming new theoretical insights it provides a readable and cogent introduction to genre problems, and a modestly convincing (and generally anti-*auteur*) defense of the creativity of the Hollywood industrial mode of production. The result significantly out-distances other recent books in its area. —E.C.

CULT MOVIES
The Classics, The Sleepers, The Weird and The Wonderful

By Danny Peary. New York: Dell "Delta" Books, 1981. $13.95.

As its subtitle implies, Danny Peary's *Cult Movies* is a mixed bag. At first, one balks: surely beloved favorites like *Casablanca* and *The Searchers*, rarities like *The Honeymoon Killers* and *Burn!*, and institutions like *Citizen Kane* and *2001* are not "cult movies" in the same sense as the offbeat *Pink Flamingos* and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, the campily lionized *Reefer Madness* and *Plan 9 from Outer Space*, or the shallowly sermonizing *Harold and Maude* or *King of Hearts*.

No, of course not. Liberties have been taken with the term "cult movie." But Peary explains his criteria right up front: "The word *cult* implies a minority," he says, stressing that these "one hundred special films which for one reason or another have been taken to heart by segments of the movie audience" are those that are "today theatrically distributed primarily for their hardcore fans," regardless of former or continued popularity with the mass audience.

Many may argue this point when it comes to Peary's inclusion of some of the essential classics of film history as "cult movies;" but most of the films in the 416 excellently illustrated pages of *Cult Movies* fit the bill. For each film Peary provides useful cast and credit lists, production information, and brief plot synopses. The accompanying articles include straight histories of the films' progress from original source to cult movie, efforts to account for the cult popularity of certain films, reverent tributes, and skeptical critical reevaluations.

Cult Movies rescues from undeserved oblivion a number of real gems, adds to the celebration of several acknowledged masterpieces, comments enticingly on some seldom-shown oddities, and debunks the inflated reputations of a few others. Peary's as good as Robin Wood in getting at the corrosive nastiness that makes *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* one of the most emotionally bruising of all horror films. His acceptance of the pap-psychology of *Harold and Maude* is more than balanced by his rejection of the facileness of *King of Hearts*, the dishonesty of *La Cage aux Folles*, and the exploitiveness of *Billy Jack*.

Many readers will doubtless find much to fault here, too, for Peary goes out on a limb quite often: John Waters's anarchistic iconoclasm is read as out-and-out fascism; *Halloween* is condemned for its camera-vs.-female-victim tactics, without even a nod to the ambiguities inherent in Carpenter's camera placement; *Petulia*, *The Rain People*, *Rio Bravo* and a few others are considered entirely in terms of their characters, with short shrift given the cinematic styles of their famous directors; a perceptive reading of *The Wild Bunch* as a parable of the Vietnam experience peters out into a pat condemnation of the film's politics, instead of offering a new dimension to our apprehension of this important film. But Peary's points are generally well argued, and *Cult Movies* consistently encourages dialogue with the reader.

Plan 9 from Outer Space, hailed by the voguish "bad movie" devotees as the "worst movie of all time," is left-handedly complimented by Peary when he says the film is too cleverly subversive to be simply bad; and here he hits on something akin to a universal truth about "cult movies": they all, in some way, assault our most cherished values and visions. It may be that we form cults in order to legitimize—and thereby anaesthetize—the most pointed threats, affronts, or challenges these films present.

Certainly the idea of a defensive coterie is central to the concept of a film "cult": Peary says, "Cultists believe they are among the blessed few who have discovered something in particular films that the average moviegoer and critic have missed." The sense of being part of a select, appreciative group is the basic appeal of *Cult Movies*, and it's undeniably satisfying. Everyone's bound to find a few of his favorites among the missing; but most of them

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her conclusion: "Polanski is threatening in the way that children are: we're constantly afraid of what they're going to say or do. The child's amorality has always separated Romek from his audience and accounts for the discomfort Polanski's films often provoke." *Tess,* his comeback to respectability, was not only a commercial success but received commendation from the Catholic Conference. To those who know the director, however (Nastassia Kinski along with Leaming) it is a "nice" form of the Polanski pattern, showing "the victimizer as victim." As Leaming traces his life and films, it is clear that "Polanski has known what it's like on both sides, in both roles." —E.C.

THE WARNER BROTHERS CARTOONS

By Will Friedwald and Jerry Beck. Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981.

They're all here—all 840 or so of them—chronologically catalogued, from 1929 to 1969, and your childhood may pass before your eyes as the eerily familiar catch phrases ("Which *way* did he *go*? Which *way* did he *go*?" "Well, now, I wouldn't say *that*!") reverberate in your memory. The Warners' renowned animated rabbits, ducks, buzzards, and pigs may often (like their creators) have seemed mere smart-alecks, but they—Daffy Duck especially—also occasionally blossomed, surreally, into larger-than-live-action incarnations of a very likable, very canny kind of lunacy. Daffy and Bugs Bunny were not-quite-insane, yet not-exactly-sane, and were therefore unpredictable. (The later-initiated Roadrunners—in contrast to the classic Daffy Ducks like *To Duck or Not to Duck* (1943) and Bugs Bunnies like *A Wild Hare* (1940)—were relatively mechanical and predictable, with their sometimes-inspired gags invariably plugging in to the behavioral monotone of that-same-damn-coyote-vs.-that-same-damn-roadrunner.) Daffy and Bugs (a first-name familiarity is unavoidable) could get away with things that even a Warners actor like Cagney couldn't—and they seemed to share his volatility and energy.

The descriptive writing in this book reflects the breeziness of the studio's cartoons if, analytically, the authors venture no further than an occasional (even frequent) "greatest." Among the Warners' animation directors, Bob Clampett seems to be the most adored here—justifiably so, perhaps, if he was responsible for many efforts on the order of the Daffy-Porky Pig *The Great Piggy Bank Robbery* (1946), "one of the funniest and most popular cartoons ever released by Warners." One of the most adored *characters* is Tweetie Pie, a plucky little canary who might be described as Roadrunner with personality, and who was, generally, pitted against Sylvester the pussycat (or, Wile E. Coyote with personality) in minor delights like *Tweetie Pie* (1947), their historic first set-to. The "brilliant dialogue" quoted lovingly throughout the book, however, makes one wonder if it wasn't often just the amazing Mel Blanc's delivery. (He—or his voice—was a veritable Everyanimal.)

Included: an alphabetical title-index and a "Cast of Characters." And the authors, commendably, resist concluding, "That's all, folks!" —DON WILLIS

THE ENGLISH NOVEL AND THE MOVIES

Edited by Michael Klein and Gillian Parker. New York: Ungar, 1981.

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THE WARNER BROTHERS CARTOONS

By Will Friedwald and Jerry Beck. Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981.

They're all here—all 840 or so of them—chronologically catalogued, from 1929 to 1969, and your childhood may pass before your eyes as the eerily familiar catch phrases ("Which *way* did he *go*? Which *way* did he *go*?" "Well, now, I wouldn't say *that*!") reverberate in your memory. The Warners' renowned animated rabbits, ducks, buzzards, and pigs may often (like their creators) have seemed mere smart-alecks, but they—Daffy Duck especially—also occasionally blossomed, surreally, into larger-than-live-action incarnations of a very likable, very canny kind of lunacy. Daffy and Bugs Bunny were not-quite-insane, yet not-exactly-sane, and were therefore unpredictable. (The later-initiated Roadrunners—in contrast to the classic Daffy Ducks like *To Duck or Not to Duck* (1943) and Bugs Bunnies like *A Wild Hare* (1940)—were relatively mechanical and predictable, with their sometimes-inspired gags invariably plugging in to the behavioral monotone of that-same-damn-coyote-vs.-that-same-damn-roadrunner.) Daffy and Bugs (a first-name familiarity is unavoidable) could get away with things that even a Warners actor like Cagney couldn't—and they seemed to share his volatility and energy.

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Yet Rainsberger's book also has the heft of a serious film study, noteworthy for its detailed, contextualized concentration on a significant Hollywood cameraman. And it is the very preeminence of James Wong Howe, born Wong Tung Jim in Kwantung, China on August 28, 1899, that lends interest to broader issues of the Hollywood system.

Resentful of critical neglect yet modest about his ultimate authority, the cameraman is proud of a supportive role: mood-enhancer, dramatic intensifier, chronicler of significant detail. Cinematographers translate directors' intentions with as full or as minimal a latitude as the skills and temperaments of either agent condone. Howe's reputation was that of a strong personality, notorious for aggressively pressing his own, "directorial" sense on a production, and such energy would seem to thrive either where it met little opposition or else where ensuing sparks themselves might generate interesting reconciliations of differences. Skipping through his credits, one may be struck by the number of second-line directors with whom Howe was associated through the years: the David Butlers, Charles Reisners and Richard Boleslawskis of MGM, for example.

The credits begin in 1922 (*Drums of Fate*) and end at *Funny Lady*. Few movie directors, writers or actors can match a 52-year history, and few would have been affected so directly by technological and institutional changes. What is most interesting about Howe's career may be his continual accommodation of new emulsions, lights, camera mounts and screen ratios toward the kind of adaptive foregrounding of story values that describes all Hollywood. Howe's particular distinction rests surely in his employment of technical mastery and imagination toward challenges of dramatic evocation. What he did so well was quintessentially Hollywood, evoking empathy by unobtrusive stylization, simplifying and heightening the seemingly natural so as to render it more "real." He eschewed the baroque, unmotivated angles of *Citizen Kane* and the no-nonsense, get-on-with-it lighting of neorealism and early New Wave, for "such photography only diminished the audience participation crucial to the emotional impact of any motion picture" (pp. 71-2). Whether such alternative systems introduced other relationships between audience and screen quite as much as they "diminish" remained a non-question, one of the studios' structuring absences.

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Edited by Peter Cowie. London: Tantivy Press; San Diego: A. S. Barnes, 1982. $9.95.

More than 500 jammed pages of information on worldwide film production, film schools, archives, collecting, publications, bookshops, festivals, etc., etc. With special articles on directors Pialat, Reisz, Schlöndorff, Sen, and Szabó, and reports on film production in Iceland, New Zealand, Israel, Indonesia, and many other unlikely places: the usual indispensable survey of what is going on in the world of film. —E.C.

PERFORMING ARTS BOOKS 1876-1981

New York: Bowker, 1981. $150.00 (Includes an international index of current serial publications.)

This volume has vagaries of organization and classification which are doubtless due to the special characteristics of the Library of Congress classification system: Richie's Kurosawa book, for example, is listed under *Moving-pictures—Japan* but his Ozu book is not (it appears in a category devoted to Ozu personally, 250 pages away). The 1,428-page body of the 8½ by 11 inch book is an immense printout of the Library of Congress cards for 50,000 books and serials, broken down by some 12,000 categories of various types (music, dance, theater, television, radio, film, opera, musical theater, circus arts, and "popular entertainment" are all covered). There are an additional 228 pages of indexes. Theoretically the volume will give the user access to virtually the entire range of works that were normally published, and hence catalogued by the Library of Congress, for over a hundred years. A valuable library resource, but a thorough familiarity with the classification system is needed to avoid missing things; otherwise, for example, you might find that only one title is listed under *Moving-pictures—Technique* (Halas's *Visual Scripting!*) and wonder where everybody has gone; Spottiswoode's *Film and Its Techniques,* it turns out, is under *Moving-pictures —Documentary,* while Lenny Lipton's *Independent Film Making* is in a huge grab-bag category labelled *Cinematography.* In short, the volume is really only as good as the LC classifiers were in their day, and on such cases as these we can hardly give them more than a B-minus grade. There *is* a method to their choices, however, and you can in time learn to sense the weights they give to different aspects of a volume and the general peripheries of the categories. —E.C.

LISTINGS

The annotations for this section have been prepared by several hands. Some are signed with full names. For the others, "J.F." = John Fell and "E.C." = Ernest Callenbach. The coverage is basically books published in the past twelve months or thereabouts. but occasional titles that had escaped our earlier round-ups are also included. A few books received recently are not covered, here or in the longer notices above, because they are still out for review.

Autobiographies and Biographies

Carey, Gary. *All The Stars In Heaven.* New York: Dutton, 1981. A combination Louis B. Mayer bio and MGM history, less condescending than Crowther's *Hollywood Rajah* and generally more defensive than most views of Mayer. Special attention goes to his early days in the theaters of Haverhill, Massachusetts. You've heard many of the studio stories before. —J.F.

Freedland, Michael. *Maurice Chevalier.* New York: William Morrow, 1981. $13.95. The often sad tale of the performer widely taken to be quintessentially French; his life encompassed ironies that his stage persona gave no inkling of. —E.C.

Godfrey, Lionel. *Cary Grant: The Light Touch.* New York: St. Martin's, 1981. $10.95. Routine Hollywood biography. —E.C.

Gussow, Mel. *Darryl F. Zanuck: Don't Say Yes Until I Finish Talking.* New York: DaCapo, 1980. This republication of the 1971 edition is a supportive, if unauthorized biography with interesting information about two decades of Twentieth Century-Fox. A short epilogue takes Zanuck from the 1971 resignation to his death eight years later. —J.F.

Higham, Charles. *Bette: The Life of Bette Davis.* New York: Macmillan, 1981, $13.95. This will doubtless be another of Higham's blockbusters (though it contains only the ordinary run of Hollywood-lives melodrama) because of the enormous and lasting appeal of Davis's work—which will outlive her current cult. —E.C.

Johnstone, Iain. *The Man with No Name: The Biography of Clint Eastwood.* New York: Morrow Quill Paperbacks, 1981. Here's the Clint Eastwood success story told from an unabashedly admiring point

of view. The warm and engaging personal portrait of the nice guy behind the star image is more up-to-date and better written than Downing and Herman's 1977 *Clint Eastwood: All-American Anti-Hero;* but it lacks the distance and perspective to put Eastwood's career into a useful critical context. The book is further marred by errors in the plot synopses and filmographies. Nevertheless, it's appealing, and offers enjoyable light reading; good photos.
—ROBERT C. CUMBOW

Kotsilibas-Davis, James. *The Barrymores: the Royal Family in Hollywood.* New York: Crown, 1981. The material is largely anecdotal, but so thoroughly compiled and organized that one finally has the sense of outward familiarity with Ethel, Lionel and John, if not of their personal quandaries and interrelationships. —J.F.

Nunn, Curtis. *Marguerite Clark: America's Darling of Broadway and the Silent Screen.* Fort Worth: Texas Christian University Press, 1982. $15.00. A Civil War historian takes time out to do homage to the girl of his childhood dreams—only two of her films survive—who appears to have been in the Pickford line. —E.C.

Poitier, Sidney. *This Life.* New York: Knopf, 1980. Poitier's interest centers largely on matters of his personal life, but the autobiography contains interesting material on the blacklist in operation (deriving from suspicious loyalty to Canada Lee and Paul Robeson) and on Otto Preminger's directing strategies or absences thereof. There's some good material about acting as well as sharp personal insights—on Dorothy Dandrige, for example. —J.F.

Peters, Real and David Smith. *Ann-Margret.* New York: Delilah Books, 1981. $12.95 paper. "A photo extravaganza and memoir," this is perhaps the pinnacle of the devoted-fan book, but who is to say that the woman who finally did *Carnal Knowledge* does not deserve some adoration? —E.C.

Richards, David. *Played Out: The Jean Seberg Story.* New York; Random House, 1981. $13.95. A dismal tale of innocence derailed by fast Paris life, politics, and the FBI, then up to its sticky eyebrows in clandestine assaults on the Black Panther Party, which Seberg supported. Despite their later sordid decline, the Panthers will probably one day seem like moderates, and Seberg's paranoia may seem relatively reasonable. —E.C.

Roberson, "Bad Chuck" with Bodie Thoene. *The Fall Guy: 30 Years as the Duke's Double.* North Vancouver, BC: Hancock House, 1980. This has the ring of honest memory to it, stemming from a stuntman who put in many years with the John Ford players. One of the few people Roberson ever disliked seems to be Arthur Miller—based on rooming next to Miller and Marilyn during *The Misfits.*
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Robins, Fred and David Ragan. *Richard Pryor: This Cat's Got 9 Lives.* New York: Putnam's, 1982. $8.95. A scrappy but fascinating account of the man who is probably the greatest comic talent in the country today. —E.C.

Schulberg, Budd. *Moving Pictures: Memories of a Hollywood Prince.* New York: Stein and Day, 1981. $16.95. Lively tales of Schulberg's childhood and youth, including his anguish at his father's liaisons with Clara Bow and Sylvia Sidney (and his mother's with Louis Mayer); a portrait of Hollywood as a small, intense, bickering community which it was deceptively hard to grow up in and also hard to leave. —E.C.

Shepard, Donald and Robert F. Slatzer. *Bing Crosby: The Hollow Man.* New York: St. Martin's, 1981. This is not a hatchet job (son Gary's autobiography is said to be a *Daddy Dearest*), but it does itemize Crosby's considerable human failings with some relish. The singer's canny development of a movie persona is carefully described. Minor goofs: Bob Crosby didn't join the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra (p. 277), but the Dorsey Brothers. The first Rhythm Boys recording with Whiteman (p. 79) was really *I'm Coming, Virginia*—made March 3, 1927 before *Lucky* opened in New York, but it wasn't released.
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Walker, Alexander. *Garbo.* New York: Macmillan, 1980. The author enjoyed access to MGM archives, and his portrait reflects the dollars and cents of the star's Hollywood career as well as her work with Mauritz Stiller and the final seclusion. The volume is handsomely illustrated, including frame excerpts from *Flesh and the Devil* (the communion sequence), *Queen Christina* (touching the bedroom furniture) and even a sexy rhumba rehearsal for *Two-Faced Woman.* —J.F.

Wallis, Hal and Charles Higham. *Starmaker: the Autobiography of Hal Wallis.* New York: Macmillan, 1980. Wallis claims credit for much of the Warners look and likes to talk about the business of being a producer: the boss who undercut him (Jack Warner), the actor who didn't like him (Cagney), the actress he didn't like (Shirley MacLaine), the ones who went Hollywood (Tony Curtis, Jerry Lewis), the classics (*Casablanca, The Maltese Falcon*). He doesn't hesitate to identify the directors who were drunks, either. Wallis says (p. 87) he liked Dooley Wilson as Little Joe in *Cabin in the Sky,* but Little Joe was Eddie Anderson; Wilson was in *Stormy Weather.* —J.F.

Warren, Doug. *Betty Grable: The Reluctant Movie Queen.* New York: St. Martin's, 1981. $12.95. Routine Hollywood biography of the World War II pin-up girl—but her role as a major cultural artifact of her time gets no real analysis. —E.C.

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Carrabino, Victor, ed. *The Power of Myth in Literature and Film.* Tallahassee: University Presses of Florida, 1980. Nine papers selected from the Second Annual Florida State University Conference on Literature and Film. Film contributions include Fowles's *The Magus;* Franju by way of *Les Yeux sans visage; The Passenger;* Fellini (*Satyricon, Roma, 8½, Juliet*); and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* considered in terms of the Fisher King(!). A paper by Paul Monaco questions economic interpretations of periods characterized by flowerings in national cinema (as in Huaco, *The Sociology of Film Art*). Instead, Monaco suggests, film seems sometimes to thrive on crises of national identity and of self-examination. —J.F.

Champlin, Charles. *The Movies Grow Up.* Ohio: Ohio University Press, 1981. $22.95 cloth, $12.95 paper. *The Movies Grow Up* is an updated edition of Champlin's earlier volume, *The Flicks.* There is a new chapter on American films of the eighties and the cable and video phenomenon. Champlin discusses the American film industry as commerce and art, examining social, political, and aesthetic issues. His writing is intelligent and terse, if sometimes a bit rapturous. This is a volume which manages to cover a lot of material, but it is never uninteresting. All in all, a study that succeeds in appealing to a wide audience. —BILL DESOWITZ

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Director Studies

Baxter, Peter, ed. *Sternberg.* London: BFI, 1980 (available from New York Zoetrope). Arranged chronologically, this anthology documents a history of attitudes toward its subject, among other things. Of particular interest are Sternberg's own remarks on "glamour," the *Cahiers du Cinéma* Collective Study of *Morocco* (which pursues the erotic Hollywood myths as it had queried Hollywood's ethical-political face in *Young Mr. Lincoln*), and Barry Salt. Salt quantifies the Paramount films in the manner of his *FQ* statistical style analysis. —J.F.

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Garnett, Tay. *Portraits de Cinéastes. Un Siècle de Cinéma raconté par 42 metteurs en scène.* Paris: 5 Continents—Hatier, 1981. Although Tay Garnett's contribution to Hollywood cinema was prolific (some 45 films in as many years), he is not remembered as a major figure today. His special position within the industry allowed him the possibility of doing what few film book authors have been able to do: to communicate with other film directors as an equal. It is this special place which makes *Portraits de Cinéastes* as fascinating as it is. Garnett interviewed 42 film directors. The group represents different nationalities and different periods of film history: from King Vidor and Lewis Milestone to Hal Ashby and Martin Scorcese, from Argentinian Torre Nilsson to Italian Alessandro Blasetti. Garnett asked each of them 23 specific questions dealing with their start in the cinema, their working methods, their choice of actors, the role of the editor, etc. This is then a document of directors and their relationship to their work. So far, the text has only appeared in French, although originally written in English. One can only hope for a speedy American publication of this great collection of interviews. —FABRICE ZIOLKOWSKI

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wiseacre, friendly and Olympian . . . a quicksilver compound of contradictions and paradoxes." Especially intriguing is Hirsch's account of some early Woody nightclub routines, which helped develop his later film style as well as the persona. He also discusses Allen's stage plays, and then proceeds to a detailed analysis of all the films. While a definite Allen enthusiast, Hirsch is also a man of independent conviction; he loathes *Interiors,* which "almost calls into question the integrity of all the rest of [Allen's] work," and he is put off by the "meanspiritedness and misanthropy" of *Stardust Memories.* But he feels that Allen has earned the right to experiment, even to become an unpopular artist if he chooses; he welcomes the continuing comic essays, and he looks ahead to more surprise, delight, and infuriation. —E.C.

Iden, Peter, *et al. Fassbinder.* Tr. by Ruth McCormick. New York: Tanam Press, 1981. $15.95 cloth, $7.95 paper. It's usually a bit odd to read what a foreign director's compatriots think of him, and this collection of essays gives interesting German perspectives on a director who is sometimes described as "this most negative of artists" but who himself says, in an excellent interview, "I actually criticize humanity less than most other people do, and accept certain things much too readily . . ." —E.C.

Kaplan, E. Ann. *Fritz Lang.* Boston, G. K. Hall, 1981. $48.00. A guide to references and sources, with a biographical essay and a survey of the changes in Lang's critical fortunes. —E.C.

Karp, Alan. *The Films of Robert Altman.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow Press, 1981. $10.00. Karp's close readings of Altman's work draw upon Koestler, Laing, and various contemporary critics to describe the open, "bisociative" structure and style of his films. Karp's approach is a sympathetic one, but he doesn't believe that all of Altman's experiments work, and he criticizes certain quirks of taste or style. His detailed descriptions and running visual analysis do not lead to any breathtaking insights, but the book provides a solid base for understanding the work of one of our most important film artists. —E.C.

Lamster, Frederick. *Souls Made Great Through Love and Adversity: the Film Work of Frank Borzage.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981. Borzage's first directing assignments date back to 1915-16. This study gives a thoughtful reading to melodramatic components, regularly articulated, since the time of the first Westerns, in oppositional images. For Lamster, ". . . the end of the film finds Evil at least temporarily vanquished, locked out of the safety zone created by the interdependence of the united couple or exorcised from an internally united individual." "Borzage often strives to invest his images and symbols with several different and, possibly, opposing meanings at once. . . . at times this overuse of nuance can sap the strength of the image." —J.F.

Maltin, Leonard. *The Great Movie Comedians: From Charlie Chaplin to Woody Allen.* New York: Harmony Books/Crown, 1982. $5.95. Reissue of this breezy 1978 summary of Chaplin, Keaton, and many others, all the way down to the Three Stooges and Jerry Lewis. With a brief update on Woody Allen. —E.C.

Man Ray: Photographs and Objects. Birmingham: Birmingham Museum of Art, 1980. Accompaniment to a Man Ray exhibition, the pamphlet includes thoughtful discussions of *Emak Bakia, L'Etoile de mer,* and *Le Mystère du Chateau de Dès,* facades of innocence "placing chance at the service of determinism and vice versa." —J.F.

Mosley, Philip. *Ingmar Bergman: The Cinema as Mistress.* Salem, NH: Marion Boyars, Inc., 1982. $16.00. A competent explication of the major preoccupations that have shaped Bergman's art, giving sensible and readable interpretations of the early, middle and recent work (including things done for television). —E.C.

Naha, Ed. *The Films of Roger Corman.* New York: Arco, 1982. $14.95. An affectionate account of the quick-and-dirty teen-age-oriented film-making and film-producing of the man who ran the best unofficial film school in the country, and directed some truly abominable and some truly original pictures. The Corman operation was (and remains) like nothing else in the industry or out of it, but it had certain crucial similarities to the old studio system under which good people were hired and then (sometimes) left to do their best. AIP and the later Corman studio began as insanely underfinanced but proved almost boringly profitable, and everybody involved seems to have had an embarrassingly good time. What the lessons are, however, is not easy to say. Corman's personal gift for finding new talent and encouraging it is probably very rare; his modesty and persistence in working within limitations are even more so, and his excellent taste at picking foreign films for New World distribution isn't exactly a common commodity either. In a strange way, his evolution is virtually the opposite of Francis Coppola's. Coppola—who started out as a Corman protegé with *Dementia 13*—has run the full course from low-budget sleaziness through magnificent catastrophe to financial collapse in a mere handful of films. Corman, who has managed to make some 50 pictures and produce 50 more, shows every sign of continuing his resourceful stratagems indefinitely. —E.C.

Nelson, Thomas Allen. *Kubrick: Inside A Film Artist's Maze.* Bloomington: University of Indiana Press, 1982. $37.50 cloth, $9.95 paper. Nelson explicates the films of one of our most puzzling auteurs, giving detailed and sensible accounts of them (and especially defending works he feels have been underrated, like *Lolita*); yet he too somehow fails to come up with an interpretation that makes coherent sense of the whole canon, intricate and deliberate and thoughtful though it obviously is. Nelson's attempt, however, is the best so far. He has especially taken pains to correlate films with their literary sources, which (for example with *2001*) at least reduces certain mysteries. —E.C.

Rangoonwalla, Firoze. *Satyajit Ray's Art.* New Delhi: Clarion, 1980. A short (132 page) volume with film summaries and an interview. In a 1974 letter to the author, Ray says, "I have become extremely cynical about the ultimate value of the dissemination of film culture. . . . About the level of criticism, the less said the better." —J.F.

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Reference Books

Atas/UCLA, *Television Archives Catalogue: Holdings in the Study Collection of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences/UCLA Television Archives.* Pleasantvillw, NY: Redgrave Publishing Co., 1981. The UCLA/Academy archives now contain more than 20,000 titles—news, drama, comedy, documentary—which are available to scholars for inspection in film or tape form. The listings in this volume provide cast and credit information (no synopses). —E.C.

Beilby, Peter. ed. *Australian Motion Picture Yearbook, 1981/1982.* Victoria, Australia: Cinema Papers/New South Wales Film Corp., 1981. A sort of *National Film Guide:* a survey of production (with casts, credits, pictures), directory of production services and organizations, lists of technicians, and information on awards, festivals, media, government, economics. —E.C.

Campbell, Richard and Michael Pitts. *The Bible on Film: A Checklist, 1897–1980.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981. $12.50. Credits and brief annotations—written from viewings in the case of modern films, sources unknown for older films. —E.C.

Friedwald, Will and Jerry Beck. *The Warner Brothers Cartoons.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981. Here are plot synopses and credits, where known, of Warner's theatrical animation from 1929 (*Bosko the Talking Kid*) to 1969 (*Injun Trouble*). There's a quick rundown on production figures and cartoon characters as well as a title index. —J.F.

The George Kleine Collection of Early Motion Pictures in the Library of Congress: A Catalog. Washington: Library of Congress, 1980. Kleine started in his father's Chicago optical company, and commenced importing European films for sale in 1903. As the first president of Kalem in 1907, he acquired control of the major French, English and Italian imports for sale or rental. Kleine was first at oods with Edison, then reconciled Edison and Biograph, which led to formation of the Motion Picture Patents Company. His distribution of *Quo Vadis* in 1913 was particularly successful financially and encouraged five-reel features as well as supporting Kleine's financing for the Italian *Othello* (1913) and *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1914). Kleine undertook few productions on his own. These included a serial *The Hope Diamond Mystery* (1921), *The Unbeliever* (1918) and *Deliverance* with Helen Keller (1919). The Library of Congress Collection incudes 456 titles, dating from 1896 to 1926, French, Italian and American, sometimes fragmentary and ranging from actualities to animation (early Willis O'Brien) and staged entertainments. The catalogue includes both a chronological and a broad subject index. —J.F.

Gianakos, Larry James. *Television Drama Series Programming: A Comprehensive Chronicle, 1975–1980.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981. Although preceded by a brief historical essay, this is basically just an enormous list of program titles with cast lists, and it's hard to see what purpose it might serve. —E.C.

Green, Stanley. *Encyclopedia of the Musical Film.* New York: Oxford University Press, 1981. $25.00. Green presents a vast mass of neatly and compactly arranged non-judgmental information about some 1600 performers, composers, lyricists, choreographers, etc., down to original names. (You may know that Doris Day was *née* Doris Mary Anne von Kappelhoff, but did you realize Marion Davies was Marion Cecilia Douras?) Some songs are also given entries, and British musicals are included. —E.C.

Hoffer, Thomas W. *Animation: A Reference Guide.* Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 88 Post Road West, Westport, CT 06881, 1981. $35.00. This is far more than lists of research resources. After a brief "historic outline," it sketches the general development of writing about animation, and proceeds in orderly chapters to summarize and interpret a vast wealth of work, for which bibliographic information is then provided. There is a "chronology of animation" describing major events in the evolution of animation technology and style, a guide to research resource centers, a listing of trade journal items, and a guide to periodicals. —E.C.

Katz, Ephraim. *The Film Encyclopedia.* New York: Perigree Books, 1982. $14.95. A paperback edition of this excellent reference work, which is very possibly the most useful and reliable of all recent film encyclopedias. —E.C.

Langman, Larry. *A Guide to American Film Directors: The Sound Era, 1929–1979.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981. $29.50. A dated list of the films, with cross-index in second volume.

Leonard, William Torbert. *Theatre: Stage to Screen to Television.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981. $74.50 (two vols). Leonard contributes intriguing, fact-filled "comment and critique" sections that make this more than a mere listing of casts and credits. Since a high proportion of films have derived from stage origins, the volume will be useful to anyone looking for background (or remake) information, or delving into the symbiosis among the three media. —E.C.

Limbacher, James L. *Keeping Score: Film Music 1972–1979.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981. Despite the titular dates, a listing of films and their composers starts in 1908, and composer credits are equally extensive. Microgroove-recorded music scores for film and TV complete the listings. —J.F.

Monaco, James. *Who's Who in American Film Now.* New York: NY Zoetrope, 1981. $7.95. There are some intriguing introductory notes about pay scales, but basically this is a computer print-out listing what films (since the late sixties) some 4700 actors, actresses, directors, writers, producers, editors, cinematographers, musicians, designers, etc. have been involved in the sort of information that even the best agent can't possibly keep in his/her head. —E.C.

Palmer, Scott. *A Who's Who of British Film Actors.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981. $27.50. Credits for some 1,400 performers, including some from Commonwealth countries, together with 10-15 words about each.

Parlato, Jr., Salvatore J. *Films Ex Libris: Literature in 16mm and Video.* Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 1980. Short films, largely made for the educational market, are described under headings such as Drama, Fables, Non-Fiction and Novels. Quibble: *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not directed by D. W. Griffith in 1903 (p. xi). —J.F.

Pirie, David, ed. *Anatomy of the Movies.* New York: Macmillan, 1981. $15.95. Organized rather like an encyclopedia (with multiple authors), this volume contains a vast miscellany of information and commentary on Hollywood—though its editor and contributors are mostly British. The high points are a series of interspersed interviews (Robert Evans, Martin Scorsese, Robert Towne) but everything in the book is intelligent and readable. —E.C.

Polskin, Howard. *The Mail Order Guide to Movies on Videotape.* New York: Fireside, 1980. Titles, dates, actors (no director credits) and short descriptions of several legitimate mail order houses, that is, ones which market copyright-protected or public domain materials. Blackhawk is one singular omission. An appendix includes "adult films." All films are cross-indexed by source. —J.F.

Prichard, Susan Perez. *Film Costume.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981. This work of exceptional dedication contains better than 3600 annotated citations bearing on the design, creation and employment of film costume. The 80-page index contains both proper names and cited films. —J.F.

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Dickey, James. *Deliverance.* Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1982. $17.50 cloth. $6.95

Palmer, Scott. *A Who's Who of British Film Actors.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1981. $27.50. Credits for some 1,400 performers, including some from Commonwealth countries, together with 10-15 words about each.

Parlato, Jr., Salvatore J. *Films Ex Libris: Literature in 16mm and Video.* Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 1980. Short films, largely made for the educational market, are described under headings such as Drama, Fables, Non-Fiction and Novels. Quibble: *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not directed by D. W. Griffith in 1903 (p. xi). —J.F.

Pirie, David, ed. *Anatomy of the Movies.* New York: Macmillan, 1981. $15.95. Organized rather like an encyclopedia (with multiple authors), this volume contains a vast miscellany of information and commentary on Hollywood—though its editor and contributors are mostly British. The high points are a series of interspersed interviews (Robert Evans, Martin Scorsese, Robert Towne) but everything in the book is intelligent and readable. —E.C.

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Technical Works

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Levinson, Richard and William Link. *Stay Tuned: An Inside Look at the Making of Prime-Time Television.* New York: St. Martin's Press, 1981. Levinson and Link wrote *My Sweet Charlie,* the *Columbo* pilot, *The Execution of Private Slovik,* and *The Gun.* With such case history citations, they argue that decent television is possible on the commercial networks. Their examples indicate that the networks weren't always interested in such praiseworthy efforts. —J.F.

Sklar, Robert. *Prime-Time America: Life on and Behind the Television Screen.* New York: Oxford, 1980. Thoughtful, literate criticism and reportage on the 1976-77 television season: The Fonz, *Roots,* Dick Cavett and Fred Silverman. —J.F.

Television and Radio 1981: Focus on Independent Broadcasting. London: Independent Television Productions Limited, 1980. A somewhat self-congratulatory overview of independent television in Britain, including advertising, finance, and regional originations. —J.F.

Textbooks

Bennett, Tony, Susan Boyd-Bowman, Colin Mercer, and Janet Woollacott, eds. *Popular Television and Film.* London: British Film Institute, 1981. $29.95 cloth, $16.95 paper. American distributor: New York Zoetrope, Suite 516, 80 East 11th St., NY 10003. This is a British text intended for Open University students, teachers, and general readers. Some articles are drawn from *Screen,* some from BFI publications, and some are original. Many pose concrete analyses of key works such as *Z Cars* and *Days of Hope* in the perspective of the debate over realism. —E.C.

Bronfeld, Stewart. *Writing for Film and Television.* Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1981. $11.95 cloth, $4.95 paper. Useful advice, different from other writing books in being mainly focused on TV writing—which is where the chances are best for newcomers. Teaches you how to plan for commercial breaks and the other peculiar delights of that medium, and also gives hints about writing for game shows, talk shows, and other supposedly nonscripted programs. —E.C.

Giannetti, Louis. *Masters of the American Cinema.* Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1981. $17.95. This latest text by Giannetti is a useful and intelligent survey of the Hollywood studio system and many of its finest directors. The first chapter, which is the most ambitious, defines the studio system, establishing the functions of the director, producer, and screenwriter. Moreover, Giannetti also discusses the role of the star—a facet of production that could certainly use more scholarly attention. Giannetti subsequently concentrates on the directors themselves: Griffith, Chaplin, Keaton, Ford, Hawks, Hitchcock, Welles, Lang, Kubrick, Altman, and several others. Giannetti admirably consolidates the distinctive attributes and styles of each director, but he relies too heavily on the opinions of other critics. Interestingly, the detailed photo captions provide some of the most memorable and insightful analyses. No beginning film student should be without *Masters of the American Cinema,* because it provides an excellent introductory base.
—BILL DESOWITZ

Giannetti, Louis. *Understanding Movies.* Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1982. $13.95. A third edition of this sturdy and well illustrated text. —E.C.

Giustini, Rolando. *The Filmscript: a Writer's Guide.* Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1980. A single, feature film project is traced from its first concept through a shooting script. Some information on camera movements and storyboarding are included. —J.F.

Monaco, James. *How To Read a Film,* rev. ed. New York: Oxford University Press, 1981. $25.00 cloth, $11.95 paper. Now accompanied by a teacher's booklet, Monaco's excellent text has been entirely reset. —E.C.

Wead, George and George Lellis. *Film: Form and Function.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1981. $12.95. This readable and intelligently organized textbook lays out the essentials of the production process, including Hollywood's traditions, and then examines a wide range of films categorized as realist cinema, persuasive cinema, personal cinema, and esthetic cinema—a scheme that enables the authors to incorporate both documentary and experimental modes without ghettoizing them. Attractively produced and suitable for elementary college courses. —E.C.

Theory

Albersmeier, Franz-Josef. *Texte zur Theorie des Films.* Stuttgart: Philipp Reclam, 1979. This anthology of theory excerpts translated into German contains the expected Vertov, Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Arnheim, Bazin, etc., but also Eichenbaum, Sklovsky, and Jan-Marie-Lambert Peters (Amsterdam University). —J.F.

Chatman, Seymour, Umberto Eco, Jean-Marie Klinkenberg, eds. *A Semiotic Landscape: Proceedings of the First Congress of the International Association for Semiotic Studies, Milan, June 1974.* New York: Mouton, 1979. Cinema, Television and Theater (one among thirteen sections) contains fifteen essays, including Bettetini on *mise en scène,* Nick Browne on *Stagecoach,* and Kari Hanet on *Shock Corridor,* French and English. —J.F.

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Jan M. Peters, *Pictorial Signs and the Language of Film.* Atlantic Highlands, NJ: Humanities Press, 1981. $14.25 paper. Covering ground similar to that of Christian Metz's *Language and Cinema* at one-fifth the length, Peters also avoids both the convolutions and niceties of the latter work. The heart of the book is an 80-page essay most of which attends to photographic images generally. Peters differentiates representation and expression, form and substance, denotation and connotation, active and passive, subjective and objective and other codical terms in an abbreviated, fairly dry, but informative manner. This discussion of the signifying processes found in images culminates with an extended example of their complex interaction in a particular film, namely a scene from *Wild Strawberries.* Peters's book rests firmly on the early work of Peirce, Morris and de Saussure. It does not broach questions put to semiology by Marxist theory, post-structuralism, psychoanalysis or feminism. As a modest primer in basic semiotics as it applies to any study of pictorial texts, however, the book certainly has its virtues, among them brevity and clarity. —BILL NICHOLS

Prats, A. J. *The Autonomous Image: Cinematic Narration and Humanism.* Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1981. Prats's thesis is that past narrative forms, linked to the word, read man "out" of the world by way of classical and Cartesian dualism, archaic modes of thought, archetypical imagery, appeals to ritualized models. Analyzing *Fellini: A Director's Notebook, Seven Beauties, Blowup* and *The Clowns,* he finds that the new conditions of narration, variously reflexive, ironic, contradictory and increasingly dependent on nonverbal resources, all suggest liberating, humanistic braveries, ennoblements and dreams. —J.F.

Sebeok, Thomas A. *The Sign and Its Masters.* Austin: University of Texas Press, 1981. In case you have the impression that no semioticists write with elegance, this collection of essays is a delightful corrective. Sebeok, who has played a leading role in the evolution of modern linguistics, has a vivid imagination linked with a gracefully logical mind. The essays, which owe many debts to Pierce, are very miscellaneous, invariably intelligent, and pleasantly personal. They say nothing, however, about either film semiotics or its practitioners. —E.C.

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Arnold, Alan. *Once Upon a Galaxy: a Journal of the Making of The Empire Strikes Back.* New York: Ballantine, 1980. Unit publicist for Lucas's film, Arnold kept a log from early location shooting in Norway to scoring in Los Angeles. Unconcerned nuances of human relationships and vision, the author provides a thorough rundown on method and motive, supported by many interviews with the principals. —J.F.

Black Images in Films, Stereotyping, and Self-Perception as Viewed by Black Actresses. Boston: Boston University, 1974. Transcribed from a 1973 symposium, here are comments, prepared and spontaneous, sometimes expected, sometimes moving, from participants including historian Thomas Cripps, film-maker Carlton Moss, and actresses Ruby Dee and Cicely Tyson. —J.F.

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Cain, James M. *The Baby in the Icebox and Other Short Fiction.* New York: Holt, Rinehart, Winston, 1981. $14.95. Twenty pieces by the tough-guy writer whose storytelling model (according to editor Roy Hoopes) was always *Alice in Wonderland;* his *Postman Always Rings Twice* was, it turns out, based on a real woman he saw at a real gas station while driving around California. (It was also the first novel to achieve the kind of popularity in hardback, paperback, play, and movie that agents now scheme so ardently for.) —E.C.

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Clark, M.J., ed. *Politics and the Media: Film and Television for the Political Scientist and Historian.* Elmsford, NY: Pergamon Press, 1979. There's a broad range of topics here, including BBC history, Hollywood features as social and political evidence, film and TV as teaching tools for the historian, political media employments, a Metzian syntagmatic analysis, and listings of archival television sources. —J.F.

Davies, Philip and Brian Neve, eds. *Cinema, Politics, and Society in America.* New York: St. Martin's, 1982. $22.50. A collection of essays, almost all by British writers and mostly rather distant from their topic. The most interesting item is a lengthy, thoughtful attack on Will Wright's classic *Sixguns and Society,* by Christopher Frayling, which systematically addresses the many complex issues raised by that book. —E.C.

Denis, Christopher Paul. *The Films of Shirley MacLaine.* Secaucus, NJ: Citadel, 1980. Before getting to the picture credits and reviews, there's some reasonably straightforward material on MacLaine's life and views. Television, stage and club performances are included, along with a 1959 *Person to Person* interview. —J.F.

Ettema, James S. and D. Charles Whitney, eds., *Individuals in Mass Media Organizations; Creativity and Constraint.* Beverly Hills: Sage Publications, 1982. $22.50 cloth, $9.95 paper. These sociological studies demonstrate that the hazards to auteurism (or indeed any individual expression) are as severe in country music, mass publishing, television, and news reporting as they are in film. —E.C.

Francisco, Charles. *You Must Remember This: The Filming of* Casablanca. (New York: Prentice-Hall, 1981. $10.00) Even a revered screen classic can have humble origins. Former actor Francisco locates *Casablanca's* in a Warners cubicle where reader Stephen Carnot became intrigued by a submission titled "Everybody Comes to Rick's." He traces the story's evolution from three-act play through an unfinished script's 50 days of shooting, with portraits of the participants. —LEONARD BIANCO

French, Warren, ed. *The South and Film.* Jackson: University of Mississippi Press, 1981. $10.00. A collection of essays on images of the South in classics like *The Birth of a Nation* and *Gone with the Wind,* in Renoir's *Southerner,* in various genre contexts, and in the works of Ford, Altman, and Ritt. —E.C.

Gardner, Gerald and Harriet Modell Gardner. *The Tara Treasury.* Westport: Arlington House, 1980. This collection of memorabilia, gossip and ephemera surrounding *Gone With the Wind* is written with refreshing good humor and irreverence. —J.F.

Haddad-Garcia, George. *The Films of Jane Fonda.* Secaucus, NJ: Citadel Press, 1981. $16.95. It was back at the time of *Klute* (1971) that Pauline Kael remarked roundly of Fonda, "There isn't another young dramatic actress in American films who can touch her"; and now that she isn't quite so young, it's still true. Haddah-Garcia traces her entire career, including the early works which caused her father to remark, "Jane has survived more bad movies than any actress should be able to in a lifetime." In my biased opinion, she gets more beautiful with every film, and even if the text of this book offers no particularly remarkable insights into her work, and is oriented more to box-office than artistic quality in the films, it's nice to have her career laid out in orderly sequence, accompanied by plenty of stills. Haddad-Garcia prefaces his account of the films with a summary of Fonda's life and political activities—an evolution from sex kitten to someone whom even Ronald Reagan must acknowledge as an "effective communicator," which constitutes a role as interesting as any she has played on screen to date. —E.C.

Lacy, Madison S. and Don Morgan. *Leg Art.* Secaucus, NJ: Citadel, 1981. You've seen the legs of Cyd Charisse, Raquel Welch, and Angie Dickinson. Now see Helen Twelvetrees, Barbara La Marr, Blanche Sweet, Dorothy Gish. —J.F.

LaVine, W. Robert. *In a Glamorous Fashion.* New York: Scribner's, 1980. Hollywood fashion design of women's costumes is traced first through a capsule history, then centered on individuals whose work is more often identified with a certain studio or actress look than it is equated with a personal creative source. Sumptuously illustrated. —J.F.

Lockwood, Charles. *Dream Palaces: Hollywood at Home.* New York: Viking, 1981. $19.95. More gossipy history than architectural commentary, this fluffily engaging book contains a touching account of the Hearst-Davies romance. The pride of Hollywood houses (aside from the distant San Simeon, of course) was actually the Doheny mansion, built by the perpetrator of the Teapot Dome oil scandal, later the set for *The Loved One,* and finally home to the American Film Institute; only Harold Lloyd's 22-acre estate (with an 800-foot-long "canoe pond") almost matched it. —E.C.

Mank, Gregory William. *It's Alive! The Classic Cinema Saga of Frankenstein.* San Diego: Barnes, 1981. This is absolutely all that you want to know about the Universal monster and his friends, including James Whale gossip and little biographies of Evelyn Ankers and Jack Pierce. —J.F.

Martin, Thomas R. *Images and the Imageless: A Study in Religious Consciousness and Film.* Lewisburg, PA: Bucknell University Press, 1981. $18.50. A grab-bag of ill-digested and awkwardly presented ideas that more or less bear on aspects of our consciousness that might be termed religious. —E.C.

Mickiewicz, Ellen Propper. *Media and the Russian Public.* New York: Praeger, 1981. The book covers Russian exposure to television, newspapers, movies, theater and music and, to some extent, audience attitudes toward the material. Sources of information are largely studies conducted under the auspices of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, expanded in some small measure by reports of émigrés. The few light entertainment films (comedies, musicals, adventure, fairy tales, fantasies, largely imported) are

especially popular. Feature production seems to have declined since 1976. Different areas have different tastes; the Ukraine likes World War II films. Rural audiences go less often and see older movies. People with less academic education prefer Indian and Arabian titles. —J.F.

Murray, Scott (editor). *The New Australian Cinema.* London: Elm Tree Books, 1980. A collection of essays on the early history of film in Australia, films made in various genres, sexuality on the screen, children's films, avant-garde films. The writing is generally journalistic and will not give you any startling revelations about whatever Australian films you have seen; but the over-all effect of the book is to convey a good picture of the recently bustling Australian film world. Copiously illustrated, but otherwise no competition to David Stratton's *Last New Wave.* —E.C.

Noble, Gil. *Black is the Color of my TV Tube.* Secaucus, NJ: Lyle Stuart, 1981. Noble is a New York television anchor, program host, news correspondent and producer. His candid, personal account combines professional experience with the perceptions of a black who made the big time in the period of Civil Rights, Malcolm X and *Sanford and Son.* —J.F.

The Official Rocky Horror Picture Show Movie Novel. New York: A&W Visual Library, 1980. For all the skill of editor Richard Anobile, the book carries only vestiges of a live film performance. Who would throw rice at the printed page? —J.F.

Oppenheimer, Joel. *Marilyn Lives!* New York: Delilah Books, 1981. A paperback picture book, with more of that embarrassingly projective writing that the Monroe image seems to draw out of people. —E.C.

Orbanz, Eva. *Journey to a Legend and Back: The British Realistic Film.* Berlin: Edition Volker Spiess, 1977. American distributor: New York Zoetrope, Suite 516, 80 E. 11th St., New York, 10003. $11.95. Orbanz is a young Berliner who somehow got interested in Grierson and Free Cinema and their aftermaths; with some film-maker friends, she turned up in London on the doorsteps of Paul Rotha, Lindsay Anderson, Karel Reisz, Edgar Anstey, Basil Wright, *et al.*, and this interview book is the result (it also contains essays by Stuart Hood and Jim Allen). But it isn't only highly intelligent and well-informed interviews; Orbanz's diary notes on her encounters are direct, personal, full of human observation, and the book thus becomes a touching record of a personal search. These young Germans question, argue, worry, coax, become friends: loving strangers from a once enemy land, seeking to understand and cope with a tradition that it is essential to grasp in order to do their own work. —E.C.

Phillips, Gene D. *The Films of Tennessee Williams.* Philadelphia: Art Alliance, 1980. The book is a careful accumulation of production information and critical responses to the film adaptations. Its judicious sifting and balancing may strike some readers as stolid, but the rewards are a trove of researched material, including interviews. Night thoughts: a film of *Camino Real* with John Carradine (Don Quixote), Warren Beatty (Casanova), Peter Finch (Lord Byron), and Robert DeNiro (Kilroy). —J.F.

Quirk, Lawrence J. *The Films of Myrna Loy.* Secaucus, NJ: Citadel, 1980. Because much of the actress's work spans 'twenties silent and early 'thirties sound, the author's researched, conscientious film credits and synopses document many titles little-seen or noted in movie histories: movies like *Simple Sis* (1927), *State Street Sadie* (1928) and *Penthouse* (1933). —J.F.

Quirk, Lawrence J. *The Films of Paul Newman.* Secaucus, NJ: Citadel, 1981. $16.95. Credits, synopses-*cum*-summary-judgments, review snippets. —E.C.

Robertson, Joseph F. *Motion Picture Distribution Handbook.* Blue Ridge Summit, PA: Tab Books Inc., 1981. $19.95. This unassuming little tome presents in unflinching terms what goes on between producers and distributors, domestic and foreign; it includes sample contracts, words of caution ("However, one would be foolish to assume that all people in the industry are honest"), and a vast mass of detailed trade information. You can, for example, make between $6,000 and $10,200 by selling 16mm prints of your film to the Navy; your ad should be positioned as near the upper left corner of the newspaper as possible. ("An efficient exhibitor will know the head of the composing room, and just maybe give him a pass to the theatre.") —E.C.

Rothel, David. *The Great Show Business Animals.* San Diego: Barnes, 1980. Silver, Trigger, Flicka, Asta, Lassie, Rin Tin Tin, Gentle Ben, Bonzo. Here's the whole works, and some reader may be pleased to learn that J. Fred Muggs used to bite Garroway and the secretary. —J.F.

Russell, Sharon A. *Semiotics and Lighting:A Study of Six Modern French Cameramen.* Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1981. $29.95. Rather inconclusive preliminary comments attempt to relate lighting practices to Nils Enkvist's concept of "style markers"; brief interviews follow with Nestor Almendros, Henri Decae, Ghislain Cloquet, Willy Kurant, Jean Rabier, and Edmond Richard, which raise many intriguing questions and tell many droll production anecdotes. —E.C.

Sackett, Susan and Gene Roddenberry. *The Making of Star Trek: The Motion Picture.* New York: Pocket Books, 1980. Authoress Sackett has been an enthusiast since 1966. She abandoned teaching to wind up finally as Rodenberry's personal secretary. Her book combines straightforward recounting of a film's production history with the esoteric knowledge of a true Trekkie. (Leonard Nimroy's ears had grown since the television years and his old molds no longer fitted.) —J.F.

Schechter, Harold, and David Everitt. *Film Tricks: Special Effects in the Movies.* New York: Harlan Quist (Dial/Delacorte), 1980. $11.95 paper. Most previous books on special effects have been strong on technical enthusiasm and weak in either histori-

cal or aesthetic sophistication; they tended to focus on narrowly mechanical aspects of the work. Schechter and Everitt begin with Méliès and present a wide variety of well-illustrated examples of matte work, miniatures, fires and earthquakes, battles, monsters, prop tricks like Keaton's wall in *Steamboat Bill, Jr.*, back and front projection, and the complex model work involved in *Star Wars, Close Encounters,* etc. Most of the gore and dismemberment stuff is, happily, stuck in the back of the book where you can ignore it if you wish. —E.C.

Shipman, David. *The Great Movie Stars.* London: Angus & Robertson, 1980 (rev. ed.). About 230 biographies of stars dating from the fifties. Shipman's articles are researched and literate, combining anecdote, credits, and personal taste. Title-changed British and American films are listed in an appendix, but there's no index. —J.F.

Trent, Paul. *The Image Makers: Sixty Years of Hollywood Glamour.* New York: Harmony, 1982. $12.95. Reissue of this sumptuous 1972 work, now in paperback: a feast of those glittery star photos. —E.C.

Weis, Elisabeth, ed. *The Movie Star: The National Society of Film Critics on the Movie Star.* New York: Penguin, 1981. $12.95 paper. A fat anthology of mostly thin pieces, focussing on personality rather than performance, but with a vast range in both contributors and subjects. —E.C.

Wenders, Wim and Chris Sievernich. *Nick's Film: Lightning Over Water.* Frankfurt: Zweitausendeins, 1981. (Available through Blue Angel Press, 1738 Allied Street, Charlottesville, VA 22901, $14.95) An extravagant (full-color throughout) reconstruction of the film *Lightning Over Water,* with dialogue and narration printed in German and English. Includes a biographical essay by Bernard Eisenschitz and a filmography. —E.C.

Wiese, Michael. *The Independent Filmmaker's Guide.* Wiese Film Productions, Box 245, Sausalito, CA 94966. $14.95. Practical advice on the fine arts of money-raising, partnership formation, budgeting, distribution negotiations, television deals, self-distribution, and even accounting, for the maker of nontheatrical films. Basic survival information that any working film-maker hoping to make a first, much less a second film needs to know. —E.C.

Wilkie, Jane. *Confessions of an Ex-Fan Magazine Writer.* Garden City: Doubleday, 1981. Fanzine talk about who's nice and who's not in Hollywood. Sometimes the stories are a bit juicier if the subject is dead. There's an interesting section in which studio still photographers discuss the pleasures and problems of working with different stars. —J.F.

Williams, Bernard. ed. *Obscenity and Film Censorship: An Abridgement of the Williams Report.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1982. $24.95 cloth, $8.95 paper.

Williams, Martin. *TV: The Casual Art.* New York: Oxford, 1982. $15.95. Casual (indeed bland) essays from various publications during the sixties and seventies. —E.C.

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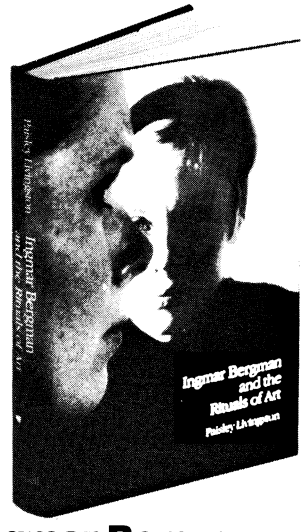

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